

Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered

by David Carner

My first ever fic...well...the remastered version. I'm not publishing the OG here, it's...it makes me cringe with some of the writing. So I give to you my first story...the second time...and this is the second time I posted it...so is it my....I'm confused.... It's not new, it's just better and less clunky. This is my vision of Season 6 should it come back on TV now. Some things have been added and cleaned up, but the a lot of the story has stayed the same. For those who haven't read it, it's me, it's Charah, it's family. It's Chuck.

Rated: T · Genre: Adventure · Chapters: 9

Chapter 1: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 1, Getting the Band Back Together

A/N: You ever write something and it was just...okay. You know it could have been better. That's how I feel about The Nanny. I still like my idea, the actual chapters...eh. So for those who haven't read and want to give it a go, there is one small problem from canon in this story. Chuck doesn't have the Intersect. In David's World one charge left meant it could only be used once. Sit back, relax and enjoy my attempt to strengthen what I saw as Season 6 of Chuck. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Chuck vs The Nanny, Remastered. Ch 1 Putting the Band Back Together.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, I do own this fic, and I still miss the show.

6 Years Ago

"Kiss me, Chuck."

Morgan had told Chuck that with one magical kiss Sarah would remember everything. It was like a fairy tale. She had saved him with a kiss, so it had to work. It just had to, because they were Chuck and Sarah and the bad guys couldn't win...not like this.

When she asked him to kiss her, Chuck knew, deep down inside, he knew. He hoped with everything in his body that it would work, but deep down, he knew it wouldn't. He knew this could be the last time he kissed her, and as much as it hurt, as much as it killed him inside, he was going to cherish that moment, because he had meant what he said, he was there for her, in whatever form that was.

As they pulled away, and Chuck looked into Sarah's eyes, he could see it. There was no point making it awkward; she had no idea what to say, but Chuck smiled at her and nodded. He leaned his head forward, and their forehead's touched.

"What now?" she whispered.

"I guess that's up to you," he said honestly. There was no malice, no ill-intent, just the truth, because she deserved it. She looked into his eyes, expecting to see hurt, but what she saw was a twinkle. "If you'd let me, I'd like to show you what we mean to each other, it's kinda what I've done over the last 5 years."

"It's not fair," she said, closing her eyes.

"It's not, there's nothing about our relationship that's really been fair. I'll do whatever you want, but I really hope you'll give us a chance," he answered. She didn't say anything for a moment, and Chuck wondered if he went too far. She opened her eyes, and Chuck wasn't sure what he was seeing.

"I still need time," she began. Chuck began to nod, but she gave him a sly smile. "I need to go to D.C. and take care of some things, but I deserve to have the happiness that you say I had. I deserve to have the happiness I've seen on the DVDs and I've heard about. Chuck, you deserve it. I'm glad you found me."

"I believe you were happy," Chuck said, trying not to get too excited. "As for finding you..." he trailed off a second, looking out over the ocean. He grinned, Sarah couldn't help but smile, and suppressed a giggle. "Sarah, you told me some time back that I was your home. The truth is, you are my home, so all I had to do was listen to what was in me." He took her hand, and spoke earnestly. "I'll be here, or I'll go there, you tell me what to do." She nodded.

"I need to go," she said, not wanting to leave. Chuck pulled away, creating a little space between them, not wanting to push...he really wanted to, but he knew Sarah, and pushing Sarah never worked out. "I'll call you." Chuck nodded, stayed silent, but opened his arms. She hugged him, not knowing what drew her in, but draw her in he did. She was so confused, she didn't know him, but she did. She wasn't safe around anyone, but around him, she was. She quit fighting herself, and just enjoyed being held. Chuck was a perfect gentleman, and she was surprised to find herself nearly suggesting he not be so gentlemanly. "This isn't goodbye," she heard herself say. She didn't know what surprised her more, that she said it, or she meant it. Chuck nodded into her neck and breathed deeply.

"I here, for whatever you need." She nodded and pulled away. She stood up and looked down at him.

"Coming?" she asked. He shook his head.

"I don't want you to feel like I'm chasing after you...unless you want me to." She grinned at him. He returned the grin and continued. "So, I think I'll sit here a bit...it's kinda my place...our place." He gave her a smile, crinkling his nose, and Sarah felt a part of her heart leap.

"You okay?" she asked.

"No," he said, reaching up and squeezing her hand. "But, I'm better than I was." She squeezed his hand back, let it go, turned, and walked away. Chuck watched her, wondering when, if ever, he would see her again.

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Today

Chuck pulled up in front of the white house with a picket fence and a red door. It was the one he had found when Sarah had told Chuck what her dream home looked like. Before Quinn had the stolen the memories from her, and changed their lives. Chuck sat in the car, looking at the house. He banged his head on the steering wheel for a few minutes. He wasn't ready to deal with today, but he had no choice and he knew it. He

got out of the car, and entered the house. He looked at the living room, set up the way he wanted it with the gamer chairs when he had described it to Sarah, those years ago. He looked over at a table near the fireplace with the pictures of the Woodcombs. He looked at his and Sarah's wedding picture that Sarah still couldn't remember. The house was silent, and Chuck was full of mixed emotions. He walked over to the door frame where he and Sarah had carved their initials. He traced his finger over them as he looked back to the table and saw the pictures of the two young children, Samantha and Stephen. He looked down at the door frame, where their heights had been marked as they grew. He walked to the back door in the kitchen, took a deep breath and opened the door. The yard was full of people, some would call them friends, but Chuck thought of them as family. He looked across the yard, looking for someone. Chuck watched all the children running around, enjoying the birthday party, but he was looking for one person, and through the crowd, he saw her, standing at the cake table. Chuck couldn't help but grin. There stood super-spy, bad-ass extraordinaire, and now, super birthday party mom, Sarah. Sarah caught his glance and gave him a smile, no, not a smile, but the smile. The smile that made Chuck's knees buckle and his heart flutter. His mind thought back to that day six years ago when his life changed...again.

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6 Years Ago

As Chuck walked into his apartment, he tossed his briefcase onto the table, and sunk into the couch. He leaned forward, placed his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He was lost in thought about how bad shape Carmichael Industries currently found itself. No Casey, no Sarah, no intersect, just Chuck and Morgan. Chuck groaned at how that even sounded in his mind.

"Beer?" came the soft voice beside him. He reached up, hearing the voice of his angel, and took it.

"Thanks," he mumbled, and then snapped his head up, realizing who it was he had heard. There, with an uncertain grin, but without the look in her eye that she was about to bolt, was Sarah. "Uh, what are you doing here," he stammered. She raised an

eyebrow, amused. "I, uh, what I mean to say is...It's good to see you, Sarah."

"You too, Chuck," she said as she motioned to a spot beside him on the couch. Chuck nodded and scooted over. Sarah smiled and instead of sitting in the spot that had some distance between them, she sat down right beside him. Chuck noticed she had her own drink in her hand. He had so many questions, but he knew from five years of experience with Sarah to just shut up. "I took care of everything I needed to in Washington." Chuck nodded, trying not to appear excited. "I'm sorry I didn't call, it's just everything happened so fast, and I knew I had to come back here and figure things out." She looked down, and then spoke softly. "I don't even know what that means."

"That's been kinda our thing," Chuck said, grinning. Sarah looked up at him and grinned back. "So, do you have a place to live?" Sarah shook her head. Chuck was trying to be cool, but when he got excited around Sarah, he seemed to forget everything, and normally he was okay with that, but not here, not now. He had to talk to her without pressuring her. "There's a spare room here if that would help, but if you don't want to, I understand," he said, trying to remain calm. Sarah smiled.

"So I can't stay in my room?" she asked. Chuck was taking a drink as she asked, and he nearly choked and dropped his drink, all at the same time. She laughed, a sound that Chuck didn't even know he had missed, but when he heard it part of him, a small part of him thought it was all going to be okay. Chuck joined in and the two laughed until tears welled up in their eyes. "I'd like the room down the hall," she said through the chuckles at the end. "And, from there...we'll see." Chuck nodded, started to take a drink, stopped, glanced at her and grinned at her. "This is hard for me. Part of me has no idea who you are, and part of me feels like I know everything about you." She paused, and gathered herself. She reached over, and gently took his hand. She looked into his eyes. When she spoke, her voice was very soft. "In D.C., I knew I couldn't stay there, all I wanted to do was come here. I have no idea what I'll do here, but I know I need to be here." Chuck nodded. His brain twirled and he had an idea that could solve all their problems.

"Well, I do know someone that could use your skill set if you're looking for a job." Sarah looked very interested. "Carmichael Industries could really use your help." Sarah raised

an eyebrow. Chuck looked desperate. "For the love of God, Sarah, it's just me and Morgan! I mean if I had the Intersect it would be one thing, but I don't and I need someone, and frankly, you're the best." Sarah looked away, a soft smile on her face.

"So this isn't pity?" she asked, her eyes twinkling. Chuck looked at her, knowing his face was like an open book to her, and he didn't even care. He adored this woman, and part of her, whether she knew it or not, was already back.

"If it is, it's because you feel pity for me!" he replied, not even trying to hide his desperation. Sarah chuckled, and then nodded.

"I'd like that," she said softly.

"Yeah?" She nodded. "I promise, I will be the epitome of professionalism." Sarah snorted and Chuck looked surprised. She looked at him, a coy grin on her face.

"Chuck, I have my personal tapes. We were NEVER the epitome of professionalism." Chuck sighed, and had to agree she was right. She moved a strand of hair behind her ear, and continued, her voice a little lower. "And, from what I can tell, that's one of the things that made up so good." She held her drink up. "Here's to us, doing what we do best." Chuck clinked his drink against hers.

"And us?" He asked. Sarah took a drink and shrugged, grinning.

"Slow." She replied, earning a chuckle from Chuck. Sarah raised an eyebrow. "Tried that before?" she asked. A grinning Chuck nodded. Sarah bounced a shoulder. "Well, maybe history will repeat itself." Before Chuck could turn five shades of red she hurried on. "Now, tell me what's so bad that you and Morgan can't handle." Chuck stuck his tongue out at her, and Sarah laughed. That laugh made Chuck believe there was hope...again.

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Today

As Chuck pulled himself out of his memories, he realized Sarah had made her way to him.

"Doing okay?" he asked her in a low voice as she handed him a cup of punch.

"I'm sweating," she began, looking around at all the children. Chuck laughed to himself. Sarah Bartowski, former superspy was doing surveillance, on children. She already had at least three plans in her head if something did go wrong.

"Has there been gunplay?" Chuck asked, unable to contain himself. She gave him a look.

"Quinn?" she growled. Chuck just nodded. "I wish he weren't dead." Chuck turned towards her, eyebrow raised. "I'd like to kill him again," she said into her cup she had brought up to her lips. Chuck grinned as he took a drink and then nearly dropped the cup, not prepared for the alcohol. He turned toward his grinning bride. "I need something to get me through this," she said with a shrug.

"I can't believe you two are drinking at my birthday party," came the young voice behind them. The two smiled and turned toward the girl of the hour, who Chuck picked up into his arms. Samantha was only four, but spoke with the vocabulary of a grownup. If Chuck was forced to be honest, he wondered if she didn't have a vocabulary better than he did. "Did Stephen do something?"

"Not that I'm aware of," Chuck said, looking at Sarah for conformation. She shook her head, but looked around for their son...just in case. "Are you enjoying your party?"

"It's enjoyable," she said, Chuck and Sarah exchanged a look.

"You want to have a turn at the piñata don't you?" Chuck asked. Samantha lit up. "Go tell Uncle Morgan it's your turn." Chuck thought he would drop her as she took off. Chuck was beginning to wonder about the advances his daughter was making at a rapid pace. No sooner than she sprinted away than Devon and Ellie came over to talk to the two. Chuck noticed the look on Ellie's face and knew by the look of it something was wrong, not terrible wrong, but wrong. He wanted to make sure Sarah knew. "Sarah," Chuck began, but Sarah shook her head, cutting him off, knowing what he was going to ask. Devon caught both of them in a bear hug before he could say anything else.

"Chuckster! Sarah! It is so awesome to see you two!" Devon yelled.

"Awesome," Chuck replied. "My ribs."

“My bad, Bro,” Devon said, releasing them from the bear hug.

“Dad!” came a young boy’s voice and tackled Chuck just as he was released by Devon.

“You’re back!” Chuck pried his son off of him.

“Sorry about that,” Chuck said. “That case took longer than I thought.”

“Fighting cyber terrorism?” Devon asked.

“Removing furry porn from a laptop,” Chuck replied.

“Oh,” Devon said, his eyes wide. He thought for a second and got a disgusted look on his face. In fact all of the adults had a disgusted look on their faces.

“What’s furry porn?” Stephen asked.

“Look at your sister, about to break the piñata,” Sarah said, giving Chuck a look. He shrugged, and she shook her head at him. The five watched as Samantha picked up the stick given to her by Uncle Morgan, studied it, and then her eyes moved quickly for just a second. Morgan looked up in shock and locked eyes with Chuck. Sarah brought her hand to her mouth. It wasn’t Chuck’s flash, but there was something. Samantha took one look at the piñata, took one swing, and it exploded, candy flying everywhere.

“Dude, that was awesome!” Devon exclaimed and turned toward his wife and in-laws. He took one look at them and quickly changed his mind. “Or maybe it’s not.”

“Chuck, did Samantha just flash?” Ellie asked. Chuck looked at Sarah, who shrugged. They both turned toward Ellie.

“Not exactly...” Chuck replied.

“Is there anything Stephen does I should know about?” the elder Bartowski asked.

“I know kung-fu!” The five-and-a-half-year-old exclaimed. Ellie’s eyes got big as saucers. Sarah rolled her eyes.

“Uncle Morgan taught him “kung-fu”,” Sarah explained using finger quotes. Ellie gave Sarah a look that spoke volumes. “Uncle Morgan also has a theory about Samantha.”

"I'm sure he does," Ellie said dryly, but with a smile that showed her affection for the bearded guy that had done so much for her family.

"It has something to do with Spider-girl getting her powers even though Spider-man got bit by a spider and wasn't a mutant, or something. I forget. It's like I don't even care." She turned to Chuck who was nearly drooling.

"You are so hot right now," Chuck said, his eyes glazed over. Sarah and Ellie both rolled their eyes.

"Walker," came the gruff voice behind them. Everyone's faces lit up as they turned to see Casey and Gertrude.

"It's Mrs. Bartowski now," she said, hugging Casey, and noticing he actually returned the hug. Maybe he had developed another feeling or two over the past several years with Gertrude.

"Hh," he responded, and clapped Chuck on the arm as she let him go. "Don't go getting your lady feelings wound up and start crying, Bartowski."

"I missed you too, Casey," Chuck responded, hugging the man. To everyone's surprise, Casey didn't shove him off as usual. Chuck pulled away. "It's good to see the both of you. Not to sound unhospitable, but what are you doing here?"

"I sent for them," came the voice behind them. Chuck and Sarah's eyes got huge as they turned around. As Chuck turned he caught Ellie's face, and realized she wasn't surprised.

"General," Casey said, a slight grin on his face.

"Retired," Beckman told Casey. Casey grunted and Beckman smiled. "Although one never really retires in this line of work, do they?" Chuck and Sarah exchanged a look. Chuck looked over at Ellie who caught his eye. She gave a shrug like an apology and Chuck was beginning to wonder what was going on.

"General," Chuck said purposefully, earning an eyebrow raise. "I'm glad you're here, but I'm thinking this isn't a social call."

"It's not, Chuck," Beckman confirmed. "Team, we have reason to believe there is a new intersect being built." Chuck ran his hand over his face, but that didn't explain Ellie's reactions to things earlier. He watched Beckman and knew there was more.

"General, not to be rude, but just say it, we've been through too much." Beckman looked up at Chuck with pride. Gone was the nerd that thought he wasn't a hero, in front of her was a man who had nearly given up everything for his country and had earned her respect and all of those around him.

"Chuck, I want to hire Carmichael Industries," Beckman began. Chuck was surprised. "But there are conditions." Chuck and Sarah exchanged a look and Sarah nodded.

"We're always open to our client's needs," Chuck said, grinning. "We are the company that cares." This earned an eyeroll from Sarah and a grunt from Casey. Chuck, shrugging, looked at Casey. "Old habits."

"Condition one, I want all of you," Beckman said. Chuck looked a little confused. "I want Devon and Ellie, who are moving back from Chicago," Chuck and Sarah looked at the two who shrugged and nodded. "I want Casey and Gertrude, who have already agreed to join back up," she said. Chuck looked over at them and the two affirmed what Beckman was saying. Beckman took a deep breath, and said the next part quick, just to get it out. "And, God help me, I want the bearded one."

"What is going on?" Chuck asked. Ellie took a deep breath, and put her hand on his shoulder, getting his attention.

"I need you not to freak out," Ellie began. Chuck looked at Beckman, who shrugged and inclined her head to Ellie as if to say, "listen to her." Chuck turned his attention to Ellie. "I've been working on a cure for Sarah, and I think I found something." Sarah gasped, and Ellie turned to her, and took her hands. "I'm sorry, not the cure but something about the intersect that we never thought of." She was quiet for a second. "Morgan is kinda right."

"EXCUSE ME?" Chuck and Sarah said at the same time, flabbergasted. Morgan had chosen that exact moment to wander over and join the gang.

"Of course, I'm right," Morgan said, grinning. The smile fell from his face. "What am I right about this time?"

"Not the kiss," Sarah said, grinning at him.

"You're here aren't you," Morgan replied back, with his own grin. Sarah and Morgan slapped their hands, wiggled their fingers against the other's, and pulled their hands apart.

"Of all the things you remembered," Chuck said, laughing. Ellie shook her head.

"Samantha might have a version of the intersect in her head," Ellie said. Chuck and Sarah didn't know what to do. Their daughter had always been advanced, but this...this was too much.

"I have someone I want to join the team for this mission. If Ellie is right, the children could be in danger, and I can't have that." She looked down for a minute, and then back at Chuck and Sarah, a tear in her eye. "You two have been through too much, and this family will not be hurt that way again. I have a nanny I'm going to provide to protect the children," Beckman said softly. Chuck shook his head.

"General, I don't know any woman I trust with my kids more than I do Sarah." Beckman stared at Chuck, her lips twitching with a smirk. Chuck was confused and looked at Sarah. Sarah gave her husband a smile.

"Sweetie, who says it's a woman?" Chuck turned red.

"Well...my bad." Chuck stuck his hands in his pockets and looked down, embarrassed. Ellie laughed into the back of her hand, and Sarah looked away, trying not to laugh.

"I need team Bartowski. I need them to help me protect all the Bartwoskis, blood and non-blood. Can I hire you?" Chuck and Sarah shared a look and looked over to Casey and Gertrude. Casey nodded and Gertrude mouthed "of course." They looked at Devon and Ellie. Devon fist pounded Chuck and Ellie came over to hug her brother.

"Uhm, I do believe that if you will be employing the services of one Charmichael Industries to protect the Bartowskis, you have no choice but to include me. That's in the

best friend clause,” Morgan said, having for once been quiet. Chuck clapped his friend on the back. He turned to Sarah, who’s smile almost split her face.

“We have a mission!”

A/N: There you have it, the rewrite of the first chapter...a cleanup was necessary and I feel it flows better and just simply makes more sense...hope you like it...see you soon.

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Chapter 2: Chuck vs The Nanny Ch 2, Star Wars Day

A/N: The remastering continues...some of the dialog in these...yikes! I think it flows much better now. Little changes have been made, but I think all of it is an improvement. I hope you enjoy Ch 2, Star Wars Day

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck, or Star Wars...I need to play the lottery....

It was 2 am and Chuck couldn't sleep. The past few years Chuck's sleep had been interrupted because of children needing to be fed, changed, bad dreams, or snuggles, all of which made him smile. Chuck had carefully chosen all the jobs they took since he and Sarah had kids to minimize the chance of anyone connecting him to Carmichael Industries. Now, his past might be the reason something was going to happen to them. He was sitting on the couch in the family room, looking out the window at the back yard when he felt a hand slide down from his shoulder to his chest. He reached up and placed his hand over hers.

"Have you decided yet it's your fault this has all happened, or am I here too early?" Sarah asked a few inches from his ear. It took Chuck a second to put together what she had asked since his brain had rebooted. All these years, and she still affected him like the first day she met him.

"Did you get your memory back and not tell me?" Chuck asked, feeling Sarah's other arm come around his to hug him from behind.

"Chuck, you spiral. It doesn't matter what causes it, you just spiral," she answered, her breath still near his ear. "It's what you do."

"You're saying I'm not allowed to spiral?" He asked. He felt Sarah shrugged against him.

"I mean if you want, or we could go upstairs and talk about it." Chuck was silent for a second. She leaned down removing those few inches, and whispered in his ear. "There are many forms of communication." Chuck thought his mind would melt, but it didn't. He had enough wherewithal to turn toward her, actually wondering.

“Seriously, are you regaining your memory?” He asked. Sarah shrugged, and grinned.

“Some things come back to me now and then that I didn’t know before, but all of it...no.” She didn’t look sad at all by that revelation. “I’m just grateful for what I’m getting back, and a lot of them seem to be very good memories. Like us having talks before we got married, and if I’m not mistaken you using some marriage book?” Chuck smiled. “Now let’s get some sleep so we can fix this problem we have, because here’s what I do know, you and I have made a good team the past 7 years, and all the field reports I read said the whole gang did real well for the 5 before that.”

“Sarah, this is different,” Chuck said, his expression crestfallen. “These are my kids, our kids. I know you don’t remember what happened with my father and I, but I know what my dad was going through now.” She ran a hand slowly down his chest. She looked him directly in the eye the entire time. He swallowed.

“I dare someone to try to take you or my children from me,” she said very quietly and very dangerously. Chuck thought he might drool

“You are so hot when you get all protectory,” he admitted. Sarah laughed.

“Is that a word?” she asked, her eyebrow raised.

“Just made it one,” he said quite smugly. She smirked at him, stepped up, kissed him gently on the lips, and pulled back.

“Come to bed, Webster,” she said softly, as she turned, and walked toward the stairs.

“You just want me to come to bed because your feet are cold,” Chuck replied, trying to gain some control of the situation but failing miserably. Sarah stopped, never looked back, and answered.

“When has that ever stopped you?” she said as sultry as she could. With that, she headed to bed. Chuck’s brain rebooted for a second, decided she was right, and hurried after her.

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“You’ve got a play area in Castle?!” Casey sputtered out, the next morning entering the old structure for the first time in years.

“Now, listen, Casey,” Chuck began. “We have child proofed that area and the kids know not to bother anything not in their room. We don’t always bring them here, but sitters are expensive and sometimes we just like being a family.” Casey stared at Chuck and shook his head. He turned to Sarah.

“It must be hard raising three,” he grunted.

“I had practice with two for a long time,” Sarah responded, shrugging. Casey’s eyes narrowed, confused, and Chuck turned toward her. “You and Morgan,” she said, pointing at Chuck, realizing they thought she was Chuck and Casey she was talking about. Casey grimaced.

“Sorry,” Casey said.

“Casey, we’ve dealt with it. I wish I knew more, but I’m happy. If I never get any of it back, it’s fine,” Sarah said, shrugging and smiling. She meant every word she said, and as Casey studied her he could tell it was true.

“I think you can,” Ellie butted in. Everyone turned to look at Ellie. “I think you can get you’re your memories back.” Ellie took a deep breath, knowing everyone was watching her. “Here’s the deal, I’ve created Intersect 3.0, but it’s only an upgrade. I currently don’t have the ability to make the base Intersect. If you have the Intersect in your head, this will upgrade it, and should return any memories, including yours, Morgan.”

“That would be great,” Morgan began but went quiet thinking. Ellie looked at him, concerned. When he looked up with a grin, she knew she was about to be the butt of a joke. “Any chance we can remove the prequels from my head?” Casey grunted a laugh and Morgan shot him a look.

“At least you didn’t make me start with episode 1,” Sarah whispered to Chuck. Chuck smiled, thinking about that night 6 years ago.

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6 years ago

“So you’re telling me that because the day, May the fourth, sounds like May the Force, it’s become Star Wars day?” Sarah asked, with a look of speculation on her face. She didn’t think Chuck was lying to her, she just couldn’t believe it. Which was strange, since she had apparently guarded him for the past five years over a computer in his head. Strange was in the eye of the beholder she thought.

“I don’t make nerd rules, Dear, I just live by them,” Chuck said, grinning. Sarah shook her head as Chuck put the key into the lock to let them inside the apartment. Since she had rejoined the team a few weeks ago, things were going much more smoothly at Charmichael Industries. While Sarah may not have the memories of the past five years, she was still an expert on all things Chuck, and many times she knew just what to say, and when to say them. Chuck told her it was like a muscle memory. She didn’t roll her eyes when he said it, but she really wanted to. Today had been a long day, and all she wanted to do was soak in a tub. Some days the not knowing what she was doing and her just doing it wore on her. She so wanted those memories...

On the way home, she tried to talk to Chuck about things he was interested in. She had gone to find Morgan a few days earlier to find out more about the things Chuck enjoyed, but he actually found her, with a list. He said if anyone understood what she was going through it was him. She found herself hugging the bearded man, even though he was a bit strange, but he was her strange bearded friend, and she knew that deep inside.

“I still approve,” Morgan told her.

“And that means a lot,” she told him. The two had become closer over their shared losing memories experience, something Chuck had noticed, and was happy about. If there was a silver lining in all of this, it two of his favorite people coming closer together. As Chuck opened the door for Sarah and she walked in, he found himself thinking about watching the original trilogy, but what came out of Sarah’s mouth next, almost floored him.

“I can’t believe I feel for a nerd...twice.” Chuck dropped his briefcase and his keys, and quickly scrambled to pick them up. Sarah smiled at the noise. She knew several things.

There was love in her heart for Chuck, she didn't know why, and that made her not in control, and one thing Sarah Walker...no, Bartowski, because that's who she was, Sarah Bartowski. The one thing Sarah Walker was, was in control, and that was the fight, between Sarah Walker, and Sarah Bartowski. She wanted to let him take her in his arms, but part of her fought and struggled, and she hated it, but she knew that she had to be comfortable with all of it. And right now she wasn't, but she had to give him something, and he deserved this much, because it was true, she had fallen for him twice. How many men, married men, would be this understanding? She wasn't ready for mad passionate love with him...that was a lie. She was. She so was. But she knew once it started, it wouldn't stop, so she had to be sure she was ready for that step...she had to be sure all of her was ready for that step. She couldn't do that to Chuck, but he had to know there were feelings, real feelings, with real emotion.

"You okay?" She asked, with the most flirtatious smile she could muster. Chuck looked up from kneeling to get his things and the smile that covered his face, spoke volumes.

"Baby, I'm doing great," he replied. The smile left her face, and Chuck realized what he said. He quickly stood. "I'm sorry, it's just..." she cut him crossing the distance between them taking his hand.

"Shh," she said, placing her finger on his lip. "I didn't know I missed that word." Chuck just nodded, and Sarah smiled. She removed the finger before anything happened. "It's been a long day," she began.

"Right, you probably want to soak after a day like today," he said, and the look on her face told him he nailed it. He wanted to kiss her, her lips, her forehead, anything, but he simply let his hand fall from hers as she backed away and then turned. As she shut the door to "her room" Chuck wondered if they would ever get back to where they were. He sighed, stuck his hands in his pocket, and wondered what to do all night.

"Right," he said to himself. "Marathon." He went to his room, changed into comfy clothes, went into the kitchen to pop popcorn, then into the living room with soda and the popcorn, and began to sit down on the couch.

“Yahhh!” he yelled, as he didn’t notice Sarah sitting on the couch, having changed into her own comfy clothes, and nearly sat on her. He only spilled a few kernels.

“Chuck, has anyone ever told you, you don’t have the manliest screams?” Sarah asked, her eyes dancing, and her fighting off laughter.

“Yes, Casey, several times,” Chuck deadpanned, trying to look offended but both of them knowing he wasn’t. Sarah took the soda and the popcorn while Chuck went back to get glasses. “So what do you want to watch?”

“I assumed we were watching the original Star Wars trilogy,” Sarah answered. Chuck stopped mid-stride, right behind the couch. She wasn’t looking at him, but he felt her chuckling.

“You’re not that big a fan, and it’s over 7 hours,” he responded taking his seat beside her. She bounced a shoulder and Chuck couldn’t help but love her more.

“Let’s find out if anything’s changed,” she said, taking some popcorn from the bowl he had just picked up. Chuck grinned, nodded and started the movie. Somewhere towards the end of Empire Strikes Back, Sarah started to lay her head on Chuck’s shoulder. He turned to look at her, wishing he hadn’t for fear he’d stop her. She looked him right in the eye, smiled, and laid her head down on his shoulder. Chuck turned back toward the movie, just in time to see Luke get his hand cut off. Sarah reached down and took his hand in both of hers, and slowly rubbed her thumbs over his hand. Chuck tried not to gulp, but he did. Sarah smiled where he couldn’t see. As Return of the Jedi played, Sarah felt herself drift off, never having felt more loved and secure, and even her insides, which wanted everything to be in control, didn’t fight her. The movie ended, and Chuck never moved, in absolute heaven, that the love of his life was asleep on his shoulder. To some that wouldn’t be enough, but for him, it was everything. He felt regret when she raised her head some 20 minutes later.

“Movie over?” she asked, yawning.

“For you it ended a long time ago,” he said grinning. She gave him a playful swat, and started to get up. “Thanks.” She turned and beamed at him

"I had fun," she said, giving him his smile. Chuck really thought he might melt into the couch.

"You slept through most of the last movie," he said, grinning.

"I never said it had anything to do with the movie," she replied, and leaned down to gently kiss him on the lips, cupped and stroked the side of his face with her right hand. "Good night," she said softly and headed to bed. Chuck sat there with a goofy grin on his face. He eventually got up, went to his room, and climbed into the bed, lying right in the middle. He would have slept on his side of the bed, but it was too painful. He drifted off to sleep, when he felt a slight nudge from the side where Sarah used to sleep. He opened his eyes to see her standing there. She looked gorgeous as the moonlight spilled into the room. She was half asleep, and not dressed protectively, but Chuck's heart caught in his throat all the same.

"Hey, what's wrong," he asked.

"My feet are cold." Chuck smiled and moved over to his old side of the bed. He patted the spot beside him. "If it's feet you need warmed, I am known to be a world class warmer." Sarah hesitated, struggling. "No strings, m'lady. Just warm feet." She flashed him a warm smile and slid in. Chuck covered her feet with his slowly and gently. Sarah closed her eyes, looking content. Then a look made it's way across her face, and she opened her eyes.

"It's okay, Sarah," Chuck said before she could.

"No, it's not," Sarah replied, trying not to cry, sigh, and/or scream. "You remember everything, and I only remember bits and pieces, but as bad as that is, you know you love me, part of me knows I love you, and part of me is stuck in the past of five years ago, and you're getting hurt just as bad, or worse than me, and you are being more kind than anyone I ever met. I get why I fell for you back then when you walked away from me to help that little girl. I am so glad I made that personal casefile, otherwise, I might not believe you are as wonderful as you really are. I might think you're playing some game."

"But Sarah," Chuck began. "I am playing a game." Sarah looked at him, confused. Chuck made his best bedroom eyes face, and spoke in a low but weird voice. "I'm playing the game of luuuvvvvv," he said, giving her the biggest grin he could. Sarah burst out laughing and rolled into him, hugging him. Chuck held her, thankful for what he had, but was caught off guard when she kissed him, softly. When they parted, the warm smile on her face gave him hope. Real hope.

"I'm going to sleep, and you do the same," she said shutting her eyes. She grinned, "And get that smile off your face.

"Yes, ma'am. Sorry," he said.

"Don't be," she said softly, nearly asleep with her feet warm and her heart full.

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Now

"Chuck, are you listening to me?" Beckman asked, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Sorry, General. This is bringing a lot of things back," Chuck admitted. Sarah slipped her hand into his and gave it a squeeze. Beckman nodded, trying to look irritated, but Chuck saw through it, and smiled at her. That made her look irritated. Chuck straightened up and Sarah found herself having to fight down a giggle.

"We're bringing in Jason Black, to help watch your children, and assist on any mission you might need," Beckman said again. "He's one of the best, and I need Team Bartowski with their heads clear. That means your children have to be safe."

"Know him?" Chuck asked Casey.

"Redacted files on about everything this guy has done, supposed to be one of the best, no one's seen him in a while," Casey answered. Beckman nodded and flashed his picture on the board. He was a good looking guy, a little older than Chuck and Sarah. Chuck thought he reminded him of someone, but he couldn't figure out who.

"Do they ever hire unattractive people in the CIA?" Chuck asked.

"They hired you for a while," Casey responded. Chuck made a mock laughing face at him.

"If you two are about done," Ellie cut in. Both men quit immediately. "As I was saying, I can upgrade the Intersect, but only if you have it in your head. I cannot figure out how to make a new one. General Beckman believes she has found chatter about notes of Dad's that will help us build it, keep it out of the hands of whoever is trying to get it, bring back the memories of Sarah and Morgan, and remove it afterwards, safely."

"What about Samantha?" Chuck asked softly. He felt a pull at his pants and there stood the four year old.

"I don't know," Ellie admitted. "We could try to remove it, but if it's already in there naturally..." she stopped and shrugged.

"Would it do any damage?" Sarah asked, concerned.

"No, that's one thing I've fixed," Ellie said. "Dad was a genius, but insisted on using old technology. That's why the glasses and computers kept frying. It can be loaded all the time on correctly built machines. Also, you don't need governors, and there is no pain. When installed properly, to a mind that has been prepared for it, the Intersect will work with no problems."

"Prepared?" Chuck asked. Ellie looked at him.

"Specifically yours, Chuck," Ellie said with a sad smile. "The Intersect was always written for you. I believe that was Dad's internal struggle. When your mind took it at the early age, it was prepared for everything that happened in the future." She looked at Samantha. "We can try and remove it out of her if you want. It's safe. You know I would never take any chances with her."

"Do it," Sarah said. Chuck looked at her. He knew this was bothering her on the inside. Chuck nodded in agreement. Ellie took Samantha to the computer, showed her what button to push, and walked away. The computer flashed in front of her face for a few minutes. When it was over Ellie walked back over to Samantha.

“Should I feel any adverse reactions to this Aunt Ellie?” Samantha asked. Sarah and Chuck shared a look and shrugged. Ellie walked over to the two.

“I’m so sorry,” Ellie said. “I was afraid it wouldn’t work, and what’s worse is I don’t know that it will ever come out.”

“Cool,” Morgan blurted out without thinking. “We’ve got our own mutant!” Chuck made that Chuck face as he turned toward Morgan.

“Buddy,” Chuck began.

“Sorry. Sorry.” Morgan realized what he had said instantly. “Wasn’t thinking.”

“Aunt Ellie, I know the problem,” Samantha said, as everyone was paying attention to Morgan and no one to her. “You’ve have to properly upgrade the Intersect before you can take it out,” she said touching the screen and then starting the Intersect 3.0 upgrade. Everyone ran towards her as Ellie screamed NO! No one stopped Sarah who tried to grab her. Both of them were stuck staring at the screen. Ellie was holding Chuck back.

“If you see it, it could hurt you, and if you pull them away it could destroy their minds!” Ellie screamed at him, realizing his pain. The flashing stopped, and the two shook their heads. Chuck ran over to them.

“Are you two okay?” Chuck asked.

“Do you know kung-fu?” Morgan blurted, unable to stop himself. Again everyone turned toward him. “My bad. My bad.”

“Uncle Morgan,” came the young voice, and everyone turned to look at Samantha, her eyes gleaming. “I know kung-fu!” Morgan pumped a fist in the air, and instantly brought it back to his mouth trying to keep quiet and not make things worse.

“Are you okay, Sarah?” Chuck asked. She nodded and then whipped around toward him, furious.

“I blame you for this you know!” she yelled, remembering all the times he would put on glasses, and look at the Intersect when it was out of his head.

“Me!? What did I do?” Chuck asked, completely confused.

“This is exactly the sort of thing you used to do, sticking your head in front of computers or putting glasses on your face to see what happens.” Sarah shook her head. She wasn’t really mad at Chuck but it was the kind of thing he used to do, and Samantha...she was so smart, that Sarah worried she wouldn’t be able to keep up with her daughter one day. She started to say more when she realized everyone was looking at her. Maybe she had gone too far.

“Sarah, how do you know that?” Chuck asked. Sarah blinked, and realized she did know all of that. “Sarah are you remembering?” Sarah thought back to all the times she had seen Chuck upload the Intersect, and a huge smile covered her face.

“Chuck, I remember!”

Chapter 3: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 3, Home

Wow, I cringe at some of this as I reread it. I mean CRINGE, and I write novels on the side...wow. The sequel is still being worked on, and it is coming, but I had forgotten I was doing so many stories right now that I was remastering this. Actually I had rewritten this over a month ago and just forgot. Sorry for the delay. Chapter 3, Home

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck...but I remember the last six years...at least most of it.

"Do you remember everything?" Chuck asked. Sarah had a huge smile on her face, but as she started to think about her memories, the smile started to dim. Ellie held her lip between her teeth. Chuck tried to remain calm on the outside, but inside he was breaking. He didn't want to ask what he was thinking but he had to know. "Okay, do you remember everything the last six years?" Sarah looked at him and smiled.

"Every bit of it." She said calmly. Chuck nodded, and let out a breath he wasn't even aware he was holding, relief flowing through him. At worst, they were where they already were. Chuck could live with that all day every day.

"Okay, what about our wedding?" he asked. Sarah shook her head no. Chuck gave her a reassuring smile. "What about me uploading the Intersect here in Castle with Ellie?" Sarah smiled and nodded.

"Yes, I remember that!" she said, relieved a memory from the past stuck with her.

"Our first date?" he asked hopefully. Sarah made a wincing face, and shook her head regretfully.

"Parts," she said. Chuck brightened and stood up straighter. "I remember you saying you were terrific or amazing and I said you were," she said smiling. Chuck had a tight smile that he was losing. "Not the first date?"

"Our real first date, but you said it was our second date, and I thought it was our second first date..." Chuck rambled.

"Bartowski!" Casey yelled.

“Right, spiraling.” Chuck said, blowing out a breath. Sarah couldn’t help but smile, and Chuck winked at her.

“I’m sorry,” Ellie said. “Without a base for the Intersect to latch onto, the upgrade won’t hold for a lack of a better way to explain it.” She turned and looked at Samantha. “Since she was born with something already in her head it may stick to that.” She looked at Chuck and Sarah expectantly, not sure what to say.

“Samantha,” Sarah said. Her daughter looked up at her. “Do you think you and I could do some Kung Fu sparing?” Samantha nodded. “Do you know what non-lethal means?”

“Mommy, I would never kill you,” Samantha said sagely. Chuck and Sarah turned towards each other. Chuck’s eyes were big, his lips in a tight line, and his cheeks were puffed out with air. Sarah smiled at him with no worry on her face.

“We got this,” she said to Chuck.

“It’s your butt on the line,” Chuck replied.

“Wow, Bartowski, now all the women in your life can kick your butt,” Casey leaned in and whispered. Gertrude grabbed him from behind and pulled him back.

“Keep it up, John, and I’ll show you what the woman in yours can do.” Chuck beamed at Gertrude. Sarah took Samantha’s hand and led them to the sparing area as everyone watched.

“Wow! Samantha’s gonna fight Mom and not get in trouble!” Stephen told Beckman.

“Are you worried?” Beckman said, a little uncomfortable with the unpredictability. She didn’t know why she worried, unpredictability had been the unofficial motto of Team Bartowski throughout the years. But, no matter how insane the predicament or how little chance most thought they had, they always found a way, because they were family.

“Nope, they love each other, and they’ll protect each other,” Stephen said. Beckman couldn’t help but agree with the young man. While there was a four year old with all the knowledge of the Intersect, she said she could be non-lethal, and the Bartowski’s had a history of being non-lethal.

“Flash and come at me,” Sarah said. Samantha gave her a confused look.

“Mother, I don’t flash. I dazzle people.” Samantha said, confidently.

“Dazzle?” Sarah asked, grinning. Samantha nodded, “Well, come dazzle me.” Chuck was shaking his head.

“I think zoom is better than that,” Chuck whispered to Morgan.

“Thank you!” Morgan said. “And, of course, flash, is the OG. You know both of ours at least had Flash references.” It then dawned on Morgan, and he lightly tapped Chuck with the back of his hand. “We should have known I was going evil, because I said Zoom.” Chuck caught the reference and nodded. That’s when they noticed everyone watching them.

“Are you two retired hens about done, because the real women in the room are going to show us how to fight,” Casey said, proud of himself. He then saw Gertrude. “Of course, you’re a real woman too,” he added quickly and started to turn around. Chuck and Morgan took the mature route and stuck their tongues out at Casey. Casey grunted and everyone turned toward Sarah and Samantha. Samantha’s eyes quickly flickered, and suddenly she came at Sarah. The two fought for barely a minute. Sarah was sweating from the strenuous workout, barely able to keep up with her daughter, while Samantha seemed calm with every one of her moves. Chuck began to think Sarah was going to lose when Samantha stopped, and bowed.

“Is that sufficient, Mother?” Samantha asked. Chuck looked at Beckman, whose eyes were huge. She looked at Chuck, and Chuck shook his head. There was no way his daughter was doing anything CIA related. Beckman gave a short crisp nod to agree with him and Chuck returned a grateful smile.

“That was great, Honey,” Sarah said. Samantha hugged her mother in joy, and Sarah knew deep down they would be okay. “General, I’m in.”

“Me too,” Chuck said.

“We all are,” Casey grunted. “

“Very well,” Beckman said. “When Jason gets here, we’ll go over the plan. This has been an interesting day.” She sighed, and looked around. “Get some rest, we’ll reconvene then.” With that she walked out of the room.

“Dude, your entire family is just awesome!” Devon said, coming up behind Chuck. Chuck smiled, and turned toward him, but the smile died some.

“I just want them to be normal,” Chuck said, looking over at his wife and children.

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6 years ago

Chuck hadn’t exactly lied to Sarah, but he needed some time to himself. Sarah had taken control of Castle, and she was everywhere in the apartment. Chuck wasn’t complaining, actually it was great. She was starting to act like it was her home, but there was nowhere for Chuck to go to think. Chuck found himself back at his house....the one that was supposed to be Sarah’s dream house that Chuck had fallen in love with. He had bought it the day after he saw her at the beach. He didn’t know why he didn’t move in...yes he did, he wasn’t ready yet. He didn’t know why he hadn’t told Sarah...yes he did, it was too much, too soon, and he wasn’t sure how she’d take it. He didn’t know why this place had become home...yes he did, it was a possible future that he wanted with all his heart. Even knowing it was only possible, and not necessarily even probable, made him happy. He came here to think through big decisions. Since Sarah had come back to Carmichael Industries, things were going smoothly, especially since he always agreed with Sarah. Today...today he didn’t agree and he didn’t know how to tell her. The job she thought they should take, he thought it was too dangerous, and he didn’t know how to tell her without hurting her. He worried it would open them up personally, and while right now, it was just him and her, he couldn’t chance the future. He sighed, sitting on the steps that lead upstairs. He should really tell Sarah where he was he was thinking, as his phone rang.

“Hey,” came the voice over the phone that always made his heart swell with love. “Everything okay?”

"Yeah, everything's fine...unless there's something I don't know about." Chuck replied. There was silence for a second.

"Chuck," she paused, took a deep breath, and continued. "You went quiet today."

"Just thinking," he said, thinking he should tell her everything.

"Uh-huh," she said and he knew she knew. She didn't have memories! How could she know these things? How was she still able to do this and only "know him" for such a short time? "Chuck, you talk about everything."

"Not everything," he said, a little whiney. There was silence. "I mean really, you've only remember the past month, how is it you know this?"

"It's love memory," she said softly.

"Love memory?" he snorted.

"Yeah, it's like muscle memory with your heart, you nerd," she shot back, but Chuck could feel the smile through the phone.

"Oh, so it has nothing to do with the fact you're one of the greatest spies on the planet?" He asked, grinning. There was a pause from the other end.

"Maybe," she admitted. "Are you coming home soon, or are you going to sit in that empty house all day?" Chuck sputtered and she had a soft laugh. Chuck didn't know what to say. "I followed you when you left all quiet and when I realized where you were going I followed a hunch and I pulled the records for the house. You bought it the day after I left. You didn't tell me because you thought it would be too much pressure, right?"

"You never cease to amaze me," he admitted.

"You never cease to amaze me," she replied. "Now am I coming over there, or are you coming over here so we can talk about you keeping secrets when you're not supposed to and what's bothering you?"

"I'm coming home," Chuck said.

“Chuck,” Sarah said just above a whisper. “Home is wherever you are.” Chuck nearly dropped the phone. He gathered himself and then spoke the best he could without his voice breaking.

“I’m coming to the apartment. There’s something we need to talk about, and I’ve got to be honest with you,” he said honestly.

“That’s all I ever asked,” she said, and paused. “I love you.” The line was silent, Chuck was running to his car.

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Now

The doorbell rang at the Bartowski house, and as always it was bedlam.

“I’ll get it,” Stephen bellowed.

“Maybe you shouldn’t and let one of the adults until this whole thing is over, Ace,” Chuck said to the boy.

“Aww, Dad, but I know kung-fu!” He began to come at his father with the moves Morgan had taught him.

“And, while that is awesome, maybe we should keep that as our secret weapon,” Chuck said winking. His son winked back, and tore off to another part of the house. Chuck shook his head and opened the door. Sarah came into the living room just as Chuck opened the door. He saw Beckman and a man with her that he could only assume was Jason Black. Chuck thought the picture didn’t do the man justice. He looked even better in person, if that was possible. Chuck glanced back at his wife who was taking him in, she raised her eyebrows in appreciation when she caught Chuck’s glance. She gave him a look that said, “Don’t be stupid, you know I only love you,” and Chuck couldn’t help but smile.

“I don’t mean to interrupt, but Jason just arrived and I wanted him to become familiar with the children and the house,” Beckman said.

"Please, come in," Chuck said, a little upset with himself for not inviting them in quicker. He noticed Jason's luggage "Does Jason need to move in?" Beckman glanced at Jason as they entered the house.

"That's totally up to you," he answered. Chuck shook his head and his wife prayed he didn't say what was in his head.

"Even your voice sounds incredible," Chuck heard himself say, and he squeezed his eyes shut, realizing how that sounded.

"Well, thank you," Jason said, grinning. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"There's a guest room upstairs if you think it's best to stay," she said. Jason looked at her, nodded, and then he turned back to Chuck.

"I will make sure your children are safe," he said to the two of them.

"Thank you," Chuck replied, grinning. "Let me show you to your room." As Chuck took Jason upstairs, Sarah walked over to Beckman.

"General, how bad is this?" Sarah asked. Beckman looked at the younger woman, studied her, and sighed.

"I don't know," she admitted. "And, that's what scares me," she added. Sarah nodded.

"I'm sorry you had to come out of retirement for this," Sarah said with a sad smile. Beckman smiled.

"I'm not, I've been on the sidelines too long," Beckman said, lost in thought

"Roan fell the same way?" Sarah asked. Beckman studied Sarah's face for a moment.

"I have no idea," Beckman answered. Sarah's eyebrows raised. Beckman walked to the door, opened it, and turned back to Sarah, seemingly unsure of herself. "Keep an eye on him." Sarah smiled.

"General, I've been fighting off men's advances for years," Sarah answered with a smirk.

"Not, Jason, Chuck," Beckman said with a pointed look. Sarah gave her an uncertain look.

"Oh," she said, the surprise clear on her face.

"Black is one of the best in the business but he's here for the children. I need the best to watch Chuck," Beckman said pointedly. "Never forget that Sarah, with or without your memories, you are the best." Sarah smiled. Beckman started to leave, paused, and turned back to Sarah.

"Trust your family, those blood and not," Beckman said, a look on her face, that Sarah had never seen. Sarah started to answer when Chuck and Jason came downstairs, laughing.

"Sarah, I think this is going to work out great," Chuck said.

"That's great Chuck," she said going over and sliding her arm around him.

"I think we're going to be fine," Chuck replied. Beckman and Sarah glanced at each other.

"I know you'll do whatever is necessary for our family, now and in the future," she said, looking at Black. Jason excused himself to go clean up and unpack while Beckman left without another word. Chuck was oblivious to everything going on, because he was thinking about the first time that he and Sarah finally approach the subject of the future.

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6 years ago

Chuck entered the apartment, not sure what to say to Sarah. She was sitting on the couch drinking a glass of wine, with a knowing smile on her face.

"I should have told you," Chuck began, but stopped at the smile on her face.

"Come on, Chuck," Sarah began, still grinning. "You know how long it would have taken you to explain it. I get it. I don't like it, but I get it." She pointed a finger at him. "No more secrets."

"No matter how much they hurt?" Chuck asked, serious. The smile left Sarah's face and she nodded.

"No matter how much they hurt," Sarah said. "You need to tell me what is bothering you."

"Can I explain first?" Chuck asked. Sarah grinned.

"I'd expect nothing less," she replied. Chuck smiled and sat on the other side of the couch, purposely creating a space between them. Sarah shook her head, got up, and sat down right beside him, seated where she was looking right at him. Chuck reached out tentatively, and Sarah gave him her hand.

"Here's the horrible truth, you don't remember the last five years and how much you changed." Sarah nodded. "But, that's not exactly true. See, what I learned over five years is you were already changing, you saved the baby, now your sister. You were already thinking of leaving the CIA, and I think being with me, you thought about life after the CIA." Sarah nodded. "Love is not something you can control, and there's one thing I know about you is you hate surprises and love control." Sarah smiled, knowing he was right. "Here's what's already different. The first year, you never let me know how you felt, until you thought we were going to die, and you kissed me." Sarah thought for a second, she looked down at the ground, and her face contorted a little, and then her head snapped back up, surprise on her face.

"And pulled a gun on you and threatened to kill you," she said, trailing off. Chuck grinned.

"I was being a bit of a stubborn jerk," Chuck admitted sheepishly. Sarah smiled softly.

"I don't know about being a jerk, but when it comes to me you can be a bit stubborn, and I'm glad you are," Sarah said squeezing his hand. Chuck smiled. "So what does this have to do with today?" Chuck nodded.

"Hang on, I'm getting there," Chuck said. Sarah rolled her eyes, grinning. "So, now, the 'Chuck shield' is gone."

"The 'Chuck shield'?" Sarah asked, using air quotes.

"Yeah, the 'I'm not going to let him see how I really feel' mask you put on," Chuck said with a grin. Sarah gave him a level look.

“Oh, really? I mean, it’s not like I sit around making goo-goo eyes at you all day,” she said, with a very confident look on her face. Chuck fought a smile, and the confident look slowly fell off her face. “No, I don’t.” Chuck glanced at the remote control on the table, and looked back at her, fighting, unsuccessfully, the smile that threatened to consume his face.

“I know what to look for now,” he said softly. “You and Casey trained me in some things about reading people.” Sarah scoffed.

“I’m not,” she began, but Chuck reached down, grabbed the remote, and stopped.

“I bet in 20 minutes I can find five times on the castle footage that we run of you pushing your hair back over your ear, or glances when you think I’m not looking, or other little things that you and Casey taught me to look for. Do you really want me to go looking?” Chuck asked seriously. Sarah stared at him, trying to look irritated, but she slowly began to blush and Chuck’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. His mouth dropped open in shock, and she gave him a playful push. She took the remote, gently, but forcefully, out of his hand.

“Okay, so maybe I’m feeling things, I already told you I love you, so what’s the point to this and the job?” Sarah asked, shaking her head.

“This job could jeopardize us if we have a future someday,” Chuck said, taking her hand. “It leaves us too exposed, and frankly I don’t want us having to worry about someone targeting us or any possible family.”

“Ellie and Awesome,” Sarah said softly. Chuck looked away for a second and then back at Sarah. She knew there was more, and raised an eyebrow, waiting.

“Total truth?” he asked. She nodded. “ANY possible family.” She thought for a second, and straightened a little.

“Oh, kids,” she said, looking down. Chuck sat there with the look only he could have.

“Sarah, it may only be a 1% chance or less,” Chuck said taking her hand and looking her in the eye. “But, you would never forgive yourself if you threatened the safety of your kids because of something we did today.”

"Do you think we'll have kids?" she asked softly, looking away, ashamed that she couldn't look him in the eye.

"I have no idea," he answered truthfully. She lifted her head and looked in his eye.

"Do you think we'll figure us out?" She asked. Chuck took a deep breath, and saw the vulnerability in her.

"You want the truth?" he asked. She nodded, and Chuck grinned.

"It may not be what you want to hear," he warned.

"I need to know," she huffed. Chuck dropped his head and nodded, looking at the floor. His face cracked into the biggest smile and he looked up, his eyes holding hers.

"I've fought for you for five years, and I'm going to fight for you for the rest of my life," Chuck said, the love shining through his eyes. "So yes, Sarah Bartowski." Sarah shoulder bumped him, grinning. "It may take us a very long time to get there, for you to remember, or understand, or whatever it is that you need to know that you can't control what we feel for each other, but yes, we will be back together." Sarah smiled, reached up, and rubbed his face with her hand. Tears were in her eyes.

"I don't know if I can ever love you as much as you love me," she began. Chuck started to speak, but she laid a finger on his lips. "I know I've done some stuff for us, and I'd move mountains for us, but you...you put your heart out there every day, knowing it will probably get rejected, watching out for the possibility of a future us, protecting kids you can't even really believe will happen given where we are, and yet you keep being you. No complaints, patient as can be, and never, ever, pressuring me to do one thing I'm not ready for." Chuck smiled behind her finger. He gently moved it from his mouth.

"That's just it, Baby," he said, softly. "You would, you have, and you did. Someday you'll remember, or learn again, or just go with it, and until that day, know, it's all worth it." Sarah looked deep into his eyes, leaned forward, and gently kissed him. When she pulled away, she ran her hand lightly through his hair.

"So, no to the job," she said. Chuck nodded. She stood, and looked down at Chuck. "I need some time." Chuck nodded. She started to turn and go, but stopped and faced him.

"You know once we take the next step, I can't go back, right?" Chuck nodded. "You know I can't do that to you, right? You know that's why I'm being so cautious, not because I don't love you, and don't want you, it's because I can't hurt you anymore than I already have."

"Baby, you're here with me, and that's all I care about," he said. "The rest, you'll figure it out and when you are ready is when you are ready." She smiled, turned, and headed to her room. After the door closed, Chuck let out a breath. "I need a shower...a cold one...possibly two." And, that's what he went to do. Leaving the shower, he realized he didn't bring any clothes to change into. He wrapped a towel around himself, and made his way down the hall, hoping he didn't run into Sarah. He didn't think she'd be upset with him to see him that way, but he really wasn't sure, and the last thing he needed was her thinking he pressured her. He noticed light coming from his room. He pushed the door opened slowly, and saw candles lit around the room. He started to say something, when he noticed Sarah laying on the bed, dressed in the same purple negligee she had worn when she had been his pretend girlfriend a long time ago. His mouth was dry. She smiled at him.

"I lied," she said softly, playing with a piece of the clothing. "I wore this on purpose back then. I don't know why. I mean, I really don't remember why. I remember thinking how much you'd like it, but I can't remember, and that sucks. I may never get my memories back, but I know I love you. I know you love me. I know I don't want to go through life without you." Chuck stood there, speechless. "Chuck?"

"This isn't a dream, is it? It's not the Intersect, or phase 3, or phase 4, or something that happens to me in these situations?" he asked. Sarah smiled coyly.

"Chuck, I do remember something." Sarah said, smirking. She stood up, walked over to him, and undid the towel. As it hit the floor, his mouth dropped. "Chuck, kiss me."

"And Bob's your uncle!" Chuck said, not thinking.

"Oh, boy," she said, giving Chuck his eyebrow dance. Chuck grinned. "Chuck," she said saucily. "Shut up and kiss me," she said, putting her hand around his neck and pulling

him in. And he did.

Chapter 4: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 4, Reunion

A/N: The remastering continues, Chuck vs the Nanny Remastered, Ch 4, Reunion

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck...but I want to...

Mary Bartowski was in the middle of another important mission for the CIA. She had tried retirement when her grandkids were born, but it didn't suit her. At this moment, she was not happy with her current predicament. Diane Beckman had contacted her, telling her of the possibility of a new intersect. Mary was more than a little ticked that she had to complete her current mission before she could join her family. She was walking into her safe house, when her encrypted phone rang. She saw who it was and panicked, especially given what Beckman had told her when she contacted her.

"Is Chuck okay," Mary blurted out as a greeting. "Sorry, Sarah, I've been in contact with Diane and I was just worried."

"He's fine, Mary," Sarah replied. "At least as far as I know," came the frustrated voice. Mary paused mid-stride, hearing the frustration in her voice.

"Sarah, this is unlike you," Mary said, concern filling her. "I've never heard you use the phrase as far as I know."

"I know, trust me, I know," Sarah replied, running a hand through her hair. She shook her head in frustration. "This whole situation is bizarre."

"Is the nanny there?" Mary asked, checking her go bag. It was time to go. If Sarah was acting like this...Sarah wasn't one for dramatics.

"Yep, and that's part of the problem," Sarah replied. Anyone else would say Sarah was just being an overprotective mother, but Sarah was a CIA trained operative. She knew to trust her gut, and her gut was telling her something was off. Not badguyery off, but off. "Diane Beckman told me to trust my family, blood and not."

"That sounds like great advice," Mary said, but inside she was stunned Diane would say that.

“Mary, we’re talking about Diane Beckman,” Sarah said. “I’ll admit over the years she’s come to be like family, but she’s always believed in her people. Even if I’m overreacting to that, why did she bring in someone that isn’t part of the family to watch my kids. I think she’s trying to tell me something.” There was silence on the other line for a moment, while Mary considered what Sarah said.

“You know when she called me it was never about watching the kids, it was about going after this intersect,” Mary said, thinking out loud. “I also find it odd that she does have someone outside of your circle watching the children. What do we know about Mr. Black?”

“Nothing, and that’s the problem,” Sarah admitted, frustrated. Mary grabbed her bag, it was time. It was past time. She was a Bartowski, and Bartowskis were there for family.

“I’ll find out something,” Mary said, shutting the safe house door and heading toward her car. “Unless you want me there with the kids?”

“No, I have an idea about someone who could watch the kids,” Sarah said grinning. “But, she’s not going to like it.”

“Oh, Sarah,” Mary chuckled, having a good idea who she was going to call. “Are you sure?”

“I told her I’d get her back one day,” Sarah replied laughing. Mary laughed and disconnected, promising to contact Sarah as soon as she knew anything.

“What are you doing?” Chuck asked, surprising Sarah. He was leaning against the doorframe. Sarah was sure she had locked that door.

“How did you get in here?” She asked, not necessarily upset with her husband, but curious why he, of all people, had entered a locked room. Chuck was all about giving people space. He shrugged innocently, and tried to give a smolder to get her mind off of what he did. All he accomplished was making Sarah roll her eyes.

“Chuck.” Chuck knew by that tone he had best start speaking.

"I had a master key made to every door in the house for fear the kids would lock themselves into a room and I couldn't get to them, and to make sure you didn't kick down the door," he spit out as quickly as possible, starting to go off on a tangent. Sarah gave him a look, and he snapped back to the question at hand. "It wasn't to spy on you, I promise. I didn't know who was in here." Chuck looked a little sheepish, and Sarah continued to stare at him. "I'm just not 100% on board about Jason Black," he admitted softly. "I know General Beckman, but I also know we have had our issues with the CIA in the past." Sarah nodded, smiling.

"I knew I loved you for reasons other than your nerdiness," Sarah said, coming over to him and wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I thought you just wanted me for my body?" Chuck deadpanned. Sarah tried not to smirk-laugh.

"Dear, I love you, and your body, and I'm going to leave it at that before you pout," she said, kissing him quickly on the lips. Chuck grinned. "I called your mom to see if she could find out anything on Black. We both agree that someone else should probably help Black with the kids." Chuck thought for a second. His eyes lit up as it came to him and he began to laugh. The doorbell rang and the two walked to the front of the house to open the door, still laughing. Ellie raised an eyebrow at the two, laughing and opening the door together.

"Did I miss something?" she asked.

"It's kinda a long story," Chuck admitted. "Come in." Ellie nodded and came in the house. Chuck had an inquisitive look on his face. "Ellie, you're family, why don't you just let yourself in?"

"Chuck, after last time, I am never letting myself into your place again," she replied grinning. Chuck thought for a second and was puzzled. Sarah elbowed him in the ribs, and he looked down at her smiling face. Then, he realized what she was talking about. Chuck blushed, and he noticed the same look on Ellie's face. Sarah just smiled, shaking her head at the Bartowski siblings.

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6 years ago

Chuck woke up, his mind telling him something was wrong. He heard something, and figured it was Sarah, which was unusual, because it was a little early for her. As he felt a weight on his shoulder, a slow grin covered his face. He looked over to see blonde hair, and buried somewhere in it was Sarah. Chuck tried to wipe the grin off his face, but he couldn't and that was fine with him, except for a thought buzzing in the back of his mind. He heard a door slowly open, and he realized someone was in the house.

"Sarah," Chuck whispered.

"Let me sleep a little, you animal," Sarah said, playfully. "I'm not going anywhere." Chuck felt his heart swell with happiness, and while he would have loved to have a few moments to think about the implications of what she said, he knew there was something a tad more pressing.

"I hear someone in the house!" he whispered urgently. Sarah, sat up quickly, the covers falling a little. Chuck tried to be a gentleman, but he was human, and he admired her form. Ellie would be so disappointed in him right now, and that's when it hit him.

"Sarah, what's today's date?" Chuck asked, suddenly frightened and knowing exactly who was in the house.

"The 12th," Sarah replied looking at the calendar on the wall.

"I was supposed to pick Ellie up at the airport this morning," Chuck said, his voice almost a squeak. Sarah realized what that meant. She heard the shoes marching towards Chuck's bedroom door. They had shut it out of habit, or else this would have happened sooner. Sarah froze; not remembering the last five years slammed back into her. All the feelings she thought she had dealt with came back up, and she looked scared. Chuck was surprised, as Sarah looked at the door, and did the only thing she knew to do, she hid under the covers. Sarah knew it was childish, she knew she belonged here, but here she was in bed with Ellie's brother, in Ellie's old apartment, and while she had been told how close she and Ellie had grown, she didn't remember. Before

Chuck could say anything, the door slammed opened. Chuck jumped, turned toward the door, and eeked.

“CHARLES IRVING BARTOWSKI!” Ellie yelled, incensed. “I don’t know which I’m madder about! You not picking me up like you promised, or you giving up on your marriage!”

“Babe!” came Devon’s voice from the hallway, apparently trying to calm her down, but she ignored him. Chuck started to speak, but Ellie lifted her finger at him, and Chuck just shut his mouth.

“That’s a lie, it’s you giving up on Sarah!” Ellie said, her face as angry as Chuck had ever seen it. He didn’t know what to say. Because he was fighting laughter at the absurdity of what was happening, tears began to form in his eyes, which Ellie took for tears of sorrow. Her features softened slightly. “Chuck, I know it’s hard. I know she doesn’t remember everything you had, but you cannot throw it away until that girl tells you she is done. And even then, you better have fought for her with everything in you!” She looked at the lump in the bed. “I don’t know who you are,” she began softly, but deadly. “But, this man is married. You better hope you two haven’t ruined things because of some urges.” She turned and looked at Chuck. “You are smarter than this. Sarah deserves better than this! She’s been through so much, and I know you have, and neither of you deserved it, but you can make this work, because you two love each other.”

Under the covers, Sarah heard the words, and her heart melted. Ellie really cared about her. Not because she was Chuck’s wife or girlfriend, but because Ellie truly loved Sarah. Sarah slowly lowered the covers until her face peaked over the covers, and Ellie’s jaw dropped. Her face was covered with surprise that grew to joy. Chuck wasn’t sure he had ever seen Ellie so happy.

“Can I say something?” Chuck asked. Ellie shook her head no.

“Nope,” she said, gathering herself, and drawing up straight, trying to contain her joy, but failing as it just spilled out of her. “I need to apologize. I am perfectly fine with you not picking me up.” Ellie beamed at Sarah, and Sarah felt herself blush a little, but

smiled back at Ellie. "In fact, you two take all the time you need." With that, Ellie closed the door and they heard her move down the hall, there was a discussion, and some shuffling. "Devon!" they heard Ellie say, but then her footsteps went down the hall, and another pair came to the door. He opened the door, his smile covering his face. He just stood there looking at the both of them, and then gave them a thumbs up.

"Guys....awesome!" He said with the biggest smile on his face. When he left, Chuck looked at Sarah, who grabbed a pillow, and hit him with it.

"I didn't hide under the covers!" Chuck exclaimed, happier than he'd been in some time.

"You did forget to pick up your sister this morning," she admonished him, her heart not in it.

"I had some things on my mind," Chuck replied. Sarah gave him a cheeky grin.

"I know, I was there," she replied, happily. Chuck waggled his eyebrows, and Sarah tried her best to give him a level look, but the smile on her face ruined it. "We should get dressed." Chuck gave her a look and Sarah shook her head. "No," she said, shaking her head, feeling like this wasn't the first time they had to tell the other no when they had things they had to do. "We aren't doing anything knowing they are waiting for us in the living room, Chuck," Sarah said, laughing, but being serious. Chuck laughed and started to get out of bed. She grabbed his hand. "I meant what I said." He stopped and looked at her. "I'm not going anywhere. For better or worse, I'm here, with you, in your life, in this bed." Chuck couldn't stop the grin on his face if he wanted to. She pulled him in and kissed him. "Now really, we should get out there." Chuck nodded, still grinning. He made his way to the shower giving her some privacy, and eventually the grin faded. Sometime later Sarah joined the three in the living room. She felt all eyes on her, as sat down by Chuck on the couch, took his arm, and put it over her shoulders. The smile that grew on Chuck's face lit up the room.

"Well," Ellie said, about to explode. "I see things are better." Sarah laughed and looked at Chuck. She turned back to Ellie, not 100% comfortable saying what was in her heart, but knew Ellie deserved the truth.

"There came a point I had to trust my heart, and realize I loved him. While I don't have my old memories, I can create new ones with him," she said, looking at Chuck. Chuck just grinned stupidly. Ellie just looked at the two, tears threatening to stream down her face. Sarah looked at her, concerned. "Ellie, it's okay, we're back together. I promise. I'm here, no matter what." Ellie just smiled.

"Can I hug you?" Ellie asked in a quiet voice. Sarah looked surprised. "I lost my friend to the Intersect, I've missed you." Sarah was stunned for a second, and then she realized she shouldn't be surprised. Ellie would do anything for someone in Chuck's life, and that includes becoming friends with Sarah. Part of her couldn't believe it, while the other part shouldn't be shocked another Bartowski had wormed her way into Sarah's life. Sarah shut the voices out in her mind that told her she was a stranger and did what she had been doing since she was reintroduced to the Bartowski's just a short time ago, she listened to her heart. She got up, and met Ellie halfway. As they hugged, Chuck and Awesome sat there, a little stunned.

"You know I never realized how it affected you," Chuck said softly to Ellie, thinking about how he hadn't been the best brother. The two broke the hug, but stayed close. Ellie took Sarah's hand and squeezed it. Sarah gave her a tight smile.

"See, that's why he's the best, he loses his wife, and he feels bad because he forgot I lost a friend," Ellie said. Sarah grinned.

"I'm rather fond of him," Sarah admitted. Ellie smiled and looked as though she might vibrate. "I also know I'm rather fond of you." Ellie looked a little surprised. "I'm sorry Ellie. It never even occurred to me, of what we lost, but I know there's something between us." She didn't know what else to say. Ellie just smiled at her.

"Then you and I can do like you and Chuck, and make new memories," she said. Sarah smiled.

"I'd like that," Sarah replied, taking her seat as Ellie did the same. "I'd also like it if you'd help me decorate our new place," she said, realizing she was surprising Chuck, but thought it was time to get everything in the open. Chuck was smiling like an idiot again.

"New place?" Ellie asked. Sarah smiled at her husband and turned to Ellie.

"He bought a house the day after I left. Our house. The one we wanted to have a family in," Sarah explained, knowing exactly what she was doing to Chuck. Ellie gave Chuck a shocked look. "He must have realized that once we got back together that it would be easier for me if we lived in a place new to both of us. Some place where we could make new memories together." She looked at him with a smirk. Chuck was slowly nodding his head.

"That's exactly," Chuck began, but couldn't continue the lie. "What I didn't think of, but wish I had, because it's a FANTASTIC idea!" Sarah giggled.

"I think it's an awesome idea," Devon added. "Here you're met with the ghosts of all the memories you should have, but can't recall. At the new house there, while there are a few memories you don't have, Sarah, it shouldn't be as big a deal and not as overwhelming."

"And," she began a little nervous. "I can fix the bad memories I have there about me and Chuck," Sarah added, looking at him sheepishly. Chuck just pulled her in for a half-hug. Ellie beamed at the two.

"I don't see a downside," Ellie added. "I assume it has room for kids?" Ellie didn't even look a little ashamed. Sarah smiled and nodded knowing exactly what the two of them were doing to Chuck.

"And, a big backyard," Sarah replied, not even blinking, and looking right at Chuck. Chuck's smile was so big he thought his face might explode.

"Sarah," Ellie said gently with a huge grin on her face. "Careful, don't hurt him." Everyone laughed but Chuck who just sat there grinning.

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Now

"It's such a nice day outside, let's go sit at the picnic table under the shade tree," Sarah said, pulling Chuck out of his thoughts. Ellie picked her bag back up and Sarah looked at

it, raising an eyebrow.

"It's THE computer," Ellie said. Sarah nodded once, went over, locked the front door, and looked at Ellie pointedly.

"Ellie, there's no one here but the five of us, if you count the kids. The nanny isn't even here. Leave that here, and let's enjoy some family time, without all the Intersect business." Ellie nodded and put the bag down. Sarah could see the top edge of the computer poking out the top. Sarah smiled at her. "Kids!" she yelled, making Chuck, who was standing right beside her, jump. Ellie even jumped a little. "We're going outside and talk, do you want to join us?"

"No," the two yelled back in unison. Sarah shrugged and headed to the kitchen to get some drinks to take outside.

"Spy, hot, and can yell," she said to Chuck smiling. "You did good, Chuck....twice." Chuck smiled.

"I also have excellent hearing and drinks," she said, bringing out mimosas and glasses for everyone. The three went outside to the picnic table away from the house. Sarah kept an eye on the front drive, and had her phone. The kids knew where the silent alarms were around the house. Sarah smiled thinking how she bet other moms wish they had her CIA training. They talked about Chicago, and the life that Ellie, Devon, and Claire had built there. Sarah noticed what she thought was a flash of light from the house for a second. She got up and checked, while Ellie and Chuck chatted about Devon's and Claire's obsessions with zoos (that's where they were today). Sarah checked the living room from the outside window and saw everything was fine. She started to turn when she saw only the corner of Ellie's computer was sticking out of the bag. Sarah opened the door and came inside.

"Kids," she yelled. "Do you want any pineapple?" They had developed a phrase in case anything went wrong, and for some reason Chuck said pineapple was a tried and true favorite in these types of situations. She was sure there were missing memories that had to do with this choice, but she also thought that it had something to do with the Buy More, and those that worked there. No one really scared Sarah, but some of the Buy

More crew....they were more than a little strange.

"No, mom!" came the immediate reply, and she heard the annoyance in her daughter's voice. She didn't hear Stephen say anything and started to get concerned. The two children came into the room both holding flashlights. They came up to Sarah who squatted down in front of them. Stephen looked a little loopy. "Mom, Stephen won't let me check his optic nerve. I'm concerned about him developing glaucoma."

"I don't like that stuff, it's green and smells weird," Stephen whined.

"That's guacamole, honey," Sarah said. She looked in his eyes, but he looked fine. "Want Aunt Ellie to check you out?" Stephen shook his head. Sarah looked at Samantha, who held her gaze. "Anything I should know?" Samantha shrugged.

"I don't think he has glaucoma, but I can't be certain, until I do a proper examination." Sarah nodded.

"How about we don't shine anymore lights in his eyes until we've had proper training," Sarah said. Samantha started to speak, but Sarah raised a finger. "Youtube videos are not proper training." Samantha stopped, knowing she was beat. Sarah saw the thought and raised her finger again. "No flashing, or dazzling. Understand?" Samantha nodded, and the two took off. Sarah watched them go, still suspicious. She grabbed the computer and came back to Chuck and Ellie who were watching her.

"What happened to no computer?" Chuck asked. Sarah gave him a look, and Chuck attempted to look scared, but Sarah rolled her eyes, letting him know she wasn't buying it. Sarah handed the computer to Ellie.

"Anything missing?" Sarah asked. Ellie checked it out and shook her head.

"No, but there are programs I can," she began, but stopped in mid-sentence as Chuck reached over and closed it.

"Please, no Intersect talk today. Tomorrow it all begins again, and today," he paused, looked at his wife, put his arm around her, and looked over to his sister. "Today, I just want to be about family." Ellis smiled and nodded. Sarah did the same, but in the back of her mind she wondered. Chuck sighed contently and looked around, thinking about

moving into this place that was now home.

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6 years ago

"Where do you want these boxes at, Buddy?" Morgan asked, bringing in the last set of boxes from the car; they just happened to be the gaming console boxes. Sarah grinned knowing what the two were up to.

"Right here, Morgan," Sarah said, pointing to the front room. Chuck's mouth dropped. Sarah smiled, knowingly.

"What? You don't like the idea?" Sarah asked grinning.

"Did you get your memory back?" Chuck asked accusingly. Sarah just grinned, catching Morgan's eye, and his head nod of appreciation. Morgan's suggestion to create the gaming room in the front the way Chuck had wanted it paid off...that and the room in the back that looked out over the backyard was better for a living room. After all Chuck had been through, she thought it was the least she could do to give him the game room he wanted in the front of the house.

"Wife intuition," she said. Chuck stared at her, then turned to Morgan who tried his best to look innocent.

"I'm going have to be careful what I say to you now on, Buddy," Chuck said grinning. Morgan tried to look upset, but he knew Chuck was just ribbing him. Chuck carried a box into the kitchen, whistling. Sarah, feeling the Bartowskis rubbing off on her, caught Morgan in a hug. He looked very surprised, but happy.

"Thanks," she said simply.

"You could have told me Ellie and Devon weren't going to be here," Morgan replied.

"I thought you had let Ellie go?" Sarah said, having been caught up on the Morgan Ellie romance...or lack thereof, by Chuck. Morgan scoffed.

"We both know she's just going through a phase," he said, grinning. "But, no, seriously, we could have used Awesome." Sarah nodded. The three had moved the majority of

things in record time, but Awesome would have been a welcomed addition. "He's happier than I've ever seen him," Morgan said quietly, pulling Sarah out of her thoughts. She grinned.

"You still approve?" she asked, pushing his shoulder with hers. Morgan nodded.

"You know you two are best when you take care of each other?" he asked. Sarah nodded. Morgan looked at all the things that needed to be put away and was trying to think of a way to exit gracefully, when Sarah helped him along.

"Would you be upset if I asked you to give us some alone time?" she asked shyly. Morgan tried to hold his smile in check, but started backing up to the door.

"You two starting over, new place, I get it... I so get it," Morgan said, backing away, Sarah trying not to grin, knowing Morgan had no want to get involved with the unpacking. "Tell Chuck to call me...in a day...or three...or next week," Morgan said, halfway out the door. "Bye!" And with that he was gone, Sarah watched the door closed, grinning. Chuck walked back into the room.

"Did Morgan just run out so as not to have to help unpack?" Chuck asked, an amused grin on his face. Sarah turned towards Chuck, and the look on her face made him raise an eyebrow.

"He didn't want to invade our privacy," Sarah said, slowly walking toward Chuck, Chuck nodded.

"It is very...intimate...to have to put away one's dishes," Chuck said as sultrily as he could. Sarah nodded.

"To...separate the utensils...to fold the towels," Sarah added, just as sultrily. Chuck nodded, the distance between them now less than a foot.

"To...load the dishwasher," Chuck offered. Sarah's eyebrow raised. "Too far?" Sarah bounced a shoulder, in a shrug. "Just so I'm clear," he began, when Sarah grabbed him and kissed him. She pulled away, an eyebrow arched as is asking him to complete his question. "I figured it out." Sarah smiled, and knew, this was home....this was forever.

A/N: I really enjoyed this chapter. I think it was my favorite of the entire story...hope you enjoyed it. Feel free to review, or PM me...Til next time...take care

DC

Chapter 5: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 5, Godspies

A/N: The rewrite continues..On to Chapter 5, Godspies

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck.

"I'm telling you I just don't trust him," Chuck whispered to Sarah. Sarah smiled, her eyes taking in the room. They were at Castle where everyone had gathered. Jason Black, the man Chuck was question, was leaving the "play area" where Samantha, Stephen, and Claire were now located. Devon and Morgan were discussing something in the corner, if Sarah had to guess, Morgan was **again** giving Devon advice about Ellie, she wondered even when she had her memories if she understood that dysfunctional relationship. Ellie was by herself working on her laptop, while Alex, Gertrude, and Casey were all talking among themselves. Beckman was looking through a file, while taking a glance at Sarah every now and then. The two locked eyes, and Sarah was sure there was something more to their conversation yesterday.

"Chuck," Sarah said, looking at her husband with a bemused look on her face. "There are many reasons as to why he may have said that." Sarah was trying not to laugh out loud. Chuck straightened, his brow creased. She shook her head, this was really bothering him, and maybe it should bother her, because at the end of the day, Chuck had pretty good spy instincts.

"Look, there's saying it, and *meaning* it, and he meant it," Chuck said out of the side of his mouth, so no one could hear it. Sarah was fighting laughter. She loved her husband, but sometimes he could blow things out of proportion. "He meant what he said," he insisted. Sarah looked at him, and shook her head. She shrugged.

"It's not the end of the world," she said. "I would think it would make you happy."

"I mean it does, but it's weird," he insisted. "Look, has anyone ever said that to you before?" Chuck asked pointedly. Sarah nodded. "Did they mean it?" Sarah nodded again. "Did any man ever say it and mean it that was straight?" Sarah grinned, looked Chuck in the eye and slowly shook her head no, looking down and laughing quietly. "I mean, it's a

curse I admit, knowing every straight man, and some women, are thinking about my wife, but it's a burden I've learned to carry." Sarah burst out laughing causing everyone to turn and look at them. They realized it was Chuck being Chuck and went on about their business. "You've got to admit it's strange." Sarah nodded.

"This whole thing is strange," Sarah admitted. Chuck nodded, not able to get this morning out of his mind.

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Chuck came down the steps to the kitchen, following his nose.

"I thought I was making pancakes?" Chuck asked. Sarah turned around. She had a grin on her face and winked at her husband.

"You were taking too long, and I am hungry." Chuck looked at the spread she had made, bacon, eggs, pancakes, fruit, juice, and coffee. "Some of us don't worry about missions and mope, we thrive on it," she said with a sassy look. Chuck grinned.

"I wasn't mopping," he retorted, the look on Sarah's face changed to disbelief, but a grin fought to take its place. "It's just been a while since we had one of these, and frankly, for you it's the first that you remember." A look of understanding came over Sarah's face. She reached over, tore off a piece of bacon, popped it in her mouth, gave an understanding smile to her husband, and turned back to the stove. Chuck walked up behind her and put his hand on her shoulders, smelling her hair. He had to shake his head for a second so as not to get distracted. "This is kinda big deal."

"Chuck," she said not even bother to fight the grin. "You make a lot of things a big deal." Chuck dropped his mouth open. He was partly playing, but he partly wasn't. She turned back toward him. "We got this." The look on her face was one he recognized. It was the look of pride she had in him. She didn't remember these looks she had given him during missions when he was the intersect and she was his handler, and then they were partners, but during the last 6 years of marriage he had received many, ranging from working together, to changing diapers, to just being a family. "Besides, we've done briefings for Carmichael Industries."

"Yeah, but those were private, and they might be considered inappropriate with company," he replied, a smile engulfing his face. Sarah shook her head, patted his chest, gave him a knowing wink, and turned back toward the stove. Chuck knew this morning was no time to mess around, given the gravity of the situation, but part of him... he shook his head again, clearing it. "I guess I should get the kids up."

"They are up, teeth brushed, and getting dressed," Jason Black said from the stairs. Sarah turned around, a little surprised. "I was going to grab something to eat and then make sure they were fed while you two got ready....if that's okay." Sarah and Chuck nodded, realizing they were free this morning from herding their children. They both got silly smiles on their face.

"MOM!" came the yell from the top of the stairs. Chuck and Sarah shared a knowing look. Sarah expertly removed the last of the bacon from the skillet, turned off the stove, all without looking, and headed for the stairs. Jason started to move to take care of whatever had happened, but Sarah raised her hand.

"Trust me, it's easier if I just deal with it, eat," she said, and with that, she was gone.

"I don't understand," Jason said, shaking his head. "I did everything Samantha wanted, what did I do wrong that would make her call for her mother?" Chuck took a drink of orange juice, smiling.

"Because you're not Sarah," Chuck answered.

"I would have thought she'd call for you, given how similar you two are," Jason replied.

"Sometimes little girls just want their mothers," Chuck said, shrugging. "I don't know how many times I've done something for her, perfectly, but I'm not her mother, so it just isn't right." Jason looked at him strangely. "You've done the nanny thing before I take it?" Jason nodded. "Those families, were the parents involved with the children much?" Jason thought for a second and shook his head. Chuck gave a slight shrug. "We're a little more hands on....we're a lot more hands on."

"I don't understand," Jason said. "Don't take this the wrong way, but you two are extremely wealthy." He paused for a second. "I did research on you, to know what I was

getting into.” Chuck nodded, knowing he was right about the money, and right to do the research, he would have if he’d been in Jason’s shoes. “You two can hire anyone, but from what I can tell, you never do, and when someone else watches the children, it’s someone within your inner circle.”

“We try and give the children the parents we always wish we had had growing up,” Chuck answered, looking right at Jason. Something flashed on Jason’s face quickly. Chuck was worried he had hit a nerve, so he quickly changed the subject.

“Those places you worked at before, were there maids, or other nannies?” Jason nodded.

“I have a special skill set that many agencies like to use from time to time to get close to families for protection, to gain info, or even assassination.” Chuck nodded and grinned. “Maybe sometimes I have met some ladies while watching the children.” Chuck’s grin grew.

“Something about a man watching children seems to bring out the passion in some women,” Chuck said, his grin covering his entire face. The look on Jason’s face confirmed what Chuck was saying.

“I want you to know I would never do anything with your wife,” Jason said. Chuck chuckled. There was a time in his life he would have worried about a man like Jason, he didn’t anymore. After all he and Sarah had been through, it would take more than what Jason possessed to even make Sarah think of leaving him.

“Let’s see, is it because you never have done anything with a married woman?” Chuck replied, the look on Jason’s face said no. “I appreciate you not doing anything with my wife, and I don’t want to sound cocky, but she would shut you down in half a second.” Chuck found it strange that he had the easy banter with Jason and on such a subject, something in him was screaming at him, but he didn’t know what it was.

“Chuck, it has nothing to do with you,” Jason said, a weird look on his face, almost disgust

“Right, the mission,” Chuck replied, trying to keep the smirk off of his face.

“Chuck, if she was the last woman on earth I would have nothing to do with her.” Jason’s reply seemed so honest. Chuck sat his coffee cup down, staring at Jason. Chuck didn’t know how he knew, but he knew Jason was telling the truth.

“Oh,” was all he could say. Jason nodded, realizing this conversation had traveled to the land of the bizarre. Jason was surprised at how easy Chuck was to talk to, and he silently berated himself because he should have realized that, considering.

“I’ll go help Sarah,” Jason said, and left. Chuck stood there, turned toward Jason to say something but he was gone. He turned back, confused, stunned, and more than a little shocked.

“Not if she was the last woman on earth....” He muttered to himself. “Huh.”

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“There’s too many moving parts,” Sarah muttered to Chuck pulling his thoughts back to the present. “We don’t have a big enough team.” Chuck looked at the plans of the building the General had laid out for them and, as usual, Sarah was right. Bruce Stone, long suspected of being tied to many criminal groups, was throwing a party, and it would provide perfect cover to infiltrate the vaults at the bottom of his mansion where the Intersect was rumored to be. With over 200 security guards on staff, stealth was going to be key.

“Walker...er, Sarah, how do we do this?” Beckman asked, and all eyes fell on her. Sarah looked a bit surprised.

“Excuse me, General?” Sarah’s response made a small part of Chuck hurt. He wished she could remember the dynamic of the team, how no one’s ideas were not considered. For all the insults he and Casey threw at each other, they both respected each other. Casey caught Chuck’s eye, and gave a slight head nod, to have him encourage Sarah.

“Sarah, this is less spy work, and more of a con to break in,” Beckman answered. Chuck found what the General was saying to be very interesting. In the back of his mind, where the Intersect use to live, he felt something. What, he didn’t know, but things were getting very strange. He gave her a slight shoulder bump.

"You know you're the best at this, we know you're the best at this," Chuck said, looking into her eyes. He saw the confidence come roaring back in her. He nodded at her to take the lead.

"I mean I have a few ideas," she began hesitantly. Everyone looked at her, and she continued on. "The first problem we have is getting downstairs." She looked at Chuck who gave her an encouraging smile, and she continued. "We have a locked door to get past that is our biggest problem. It's in plain sight, so no picking the lock, and there is a numeric security system that switches up every 10 minutes, plus we need a handprint." Sarah looked up at the room. "I think we can get in, but I might need Devon."

"Awesome!" Devon said, and then looked at his wife. It was quite clear Ellie didn't find this awesome at all. The smile fell off his face quickly. "Sarah, I think it's best I stay retired." Ellie smiled.

"You know I am an integral part of Team Carmichael," Morgan said. Sarah smiled, not wanting to hurt Morgan's feelings.

"Morgan," she began, hesitating. "I'm going to run the Sexy Distraction, and I know how you feel about being used like that. I mean, do you want to put Alex through that?" Behind her she heard Chuck trying not to choke from laughing. Morgan didn't see anyone's faces so he had no idea how hard everyone was trying not to laugh. He nodded solemnly and turned to Alex, who kept her face straight.

"I couldn't do that to you," Morgan said sincerely. Alex nodded and hugged him so he couldn't see her face.

"We'll figure something out, Buddy," Chuck said. He looked at his wife. "I think we're pretty solid in our marriage," Chuck began, Sarah grinned at him. "Want me to be the, *Sexy Distraction*?" Chuck said in a sultry voice and with an eyebrow waggle to which Sarah giggled.

"Won't work," came Jason's voice. Everyone turned to look at him. "Part of the Sexy Distraction is going to require whoever is distracting to stay with the mark, and if I'm understanding Sarah's idea right, Chuck you'll need to go with her, while the Sexy

Distraction remains....distracting.” Sarah nodded. “I’m guessing spill some champagne on the mark while you lift the phone with the rotating number code?” Sarah nodded again. Chuck’s mind was flying, but he just couldn’t figure out what was bothering him.

“You’d actually be perfect, but you have another job,” Sarah began.

“We could watch the kids,” Alex pipped up, anticipating Sarah’s thinking. “Morgan and I love Stephen and Samantha.”

“It’s not that, Alex,” Casey replied. “If things go south, we need someone to protect them with their lives.”

“And be able to return fire?” Morgan asked. Casey nodded. “As well trained as I am, I suspect I’m nowhere near as good as Jason.”

“Besides, I actually have something for you and Alex to do,” Sarah said. “I was hoping we might have a little help,” and then a voice walking down the stairs behind her, cut her off.

“You seriously called us to baby sit, Walker?” Morgan swallowed loudly, and Casey went a little pale. They both looked at each other and then at the woman whose voice had briefly terrified them. “Don’t worry you two, I respect your ladies too much to tear you away from them,” Carina replied. Zondra chuckled, not believing a word out of Carina’s mouth. “You owe me big, Walker.” Sarah smiled at her friends, and went over and hugged them. She turned and saw the look on Beckman’s face.

“I know what you’re going to say, General, but I need Jason in the field to make this work, and these two...”

“Will die protecting Sarah and Chuck’s kids,” Zondra said finishing her sentence. The three women smiled at each other. The General nodded that she understood.

“Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that,” Chuck said in a tight voice. Sarah rolled her eyes, but she knew that the women would do just that if it came to it.

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Five years ago

“So where does it rank on the torture scale?” Carina asked, watching in awe of Sarah holding baby Stephen. They were in Casa de Bartowski, and Sarah had been deluged with questions from her former two C.A.T. squad members. Carina and Zondra kept asking questions and Sarah was skillfully avoiding most of them, knowing it was driving them crazy.

“I don’t really remember any pain,” Sarah replied. Chuck barked a laugh from the other room, causing Sarah to chuckle.

“Chuck, not so loud, you’ll wake the baby,” she said softly into the baby monitor that was beside her. Chuck stuck his head in the room the three women were in.

“Anyone need any more refreshments?” Chuck asked. The two former teammates scowled at him. He just stuck his tongue out at them. Sarah smiled at him and shook her head. Chuck left, with Zondra and Catrina starring daggers at him.

“What’s wrong with you two?” she asked. She might be a mother, but the spy in her still noticed things.

“He did this to you,” Catrina replied. “And, I think it’s time we did something about it.” Zondra nodded, and the two got a look on their face that Sarah wasn’t sure she recognized. The two got up and headed into the other room where Chuck was. Sarah shook her head, thinking her friends had lost their minds.

“That’s fine, I’m going to nurse,” Sarah called after them. The two blanched.

“For the love of God, keep it in your shirt until we get out of here,” Zondra called back. Sarah smiled, watching her friends leave. Chuck turned to watch the two women...stalk toward him. He gulped.

“Listen, I can yell for help,” Chuck said, his hand going behind him as to get support on the table behind him.

“Nope, Chuckles, you don’t want to wake the baby. She’d kill you for that,” Carina said, a grin on her face that made Chuck gulp. Chuck grimaced at her words, knowing she was right. “Listen up. We’ve watched you two go through everything to be married, and then you lost each other, and then you found each other again, but that,” she said

pointing to the living room. "That is your fault." Chuck raised his hands.

"Now, let's not be hasty," Chuck began.

"Shut up, Chuck," Zondra said. Chuck, for once, did. "The woman that's in there, she's not the Sarah Walker we know. She's not the one that can party til 4 AM, get up at 7 and do it all over again. She's not the stone cold killer that we needed. She's happy and maternal, eck! And it's all your fault," she said, as both women were inches away from him. "Thank you," she whispered, and they both hugged him, surprising Chuck. Sarah walked into the room holding Stephen who was awake.

"You know he turned the knob on that monitor from receiving to sending as soon as you two walked in, right?" The two shrugged still hugging a very confused Chuck. "Okay, that's enough, go find your own baby daddies." The two let go of him like he was toxic. "I am happy, and I can still do all of those things, but this," she said, looking down at Stephen. "This is what I want."

"And, we want something," Chuck said walking over to Sarah and putting his arm around her.

"We aren't the Godmother types, if that's what you're thinking," Carina said.

"Well, someone's conceited," Chuck said in a mock low voice that everyone heard. The two women glared at him.

"We know you're not," Sarah said. "We've got plenty to be Godparents." She looked up at Chuck who nodded. "What we need are some people that we know will do whatever our children need done to protect them. We've done our best to protect ourselves, but with our work...." Chuck sighed, hoping this conversation would never be needed to be acted on.

"We need a couple of kick-ass spies to make sure our children are safe," Chuck finished.

"Children?" Carina asked.

"Really," Chuck asked, a little put out. "All of what we just said, and that's what you picked up on." Carina and Zondra just stared at them waiting.

"I'm not pregnant," Sarah replied, but she smiled. "But, we do want another." The two threw their hands up and made noises. Chuck looked at Sarah.

"Maybe they're just not who we need," Chuck said, enjoying this more than he should.

"Well, there is Gertrude and Casey," Sarah replied, turning to him, grinning.

"Those two?" Zondra asked. "They're too busy getting busy." Chuck closed his eyes trying to keep that image from writing itself into his brain. "No, we are the two GodSpies you need."

"Godspies?" Chuck mouthed to Sarah. Sarah shrugged.

"We got this," Carina said. "No matter what we're doing, your little ones need us, we're there."

"We won't call you unless it's absolutely," Chuck began, but Zondra and Carina quickly strode across the space between them and got in Chuck and Sarah's faces.

"Whatever. They. Need. We're. There." Carina said. Chuck and Sarah gulped and nodded. Carina smiled. Zondra held her hands out. Chuck raised an eyebrow, but dropped it quickly when Zondra gave him a look. Sarah handed Stephen over to Zondra. "We've got you little one," Carina said softly to Stephen, gently rubbing her finger down his arm as Zondra held him. Stephen grabbed hold of Carina's finger, and both Sarah and Chuck shared a knowing look.

"I suppose I should never speak of this with anyone?" Chuck asked. Sarah smiled at her husband.

"It's your life," she said, bouncing a shoulder. "But I would like another with you, so could you at least hold off until after that?"

"Your concern is touching," Chuck said, shaking his head at the former CATS Squad mates.

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"So, you two are going to take care of our two little ones?" Chuck asked Carina and Zondra. They gave him a challenging look. "Thank you," he said softly. The looks fell

from the two spies' faces and they grinned. Chuck looked at Sarah. "Lay it out for us." Sarah nodded, but noticed a look on Jason's face, she started to say something when she was interrupted.

"Hey, we can help too you know!" Stephen yelled. Everyone turned to see the two Bartowski children, having that look on their face like they were going to help whether you wanted them too or not. Everyone turned and looked at Chuck.

"It's not my fault!" He said, raising his hands in his defense.

"You never stay in the car," Casey grumbled. Sarah chuckled.

"I know Kung Fu and I can help!" Stephen demanded. Sarah saw the look on Samantha's face when he said it. She stared at her daughter who caught her look and returned it, refusing to back down. She was going to be a handful in a few years.

"That's our secret weapon," Chuck loud whispered to his son.

"I taught him that," Morgan said proudly.

"Who taught you?" Carina asked. Morgan didn't look quite so proud.

"We'll keep you two as backup," Sarah said, eyeing her daughter. There was time to deal with things later. "In the meantime I'm sure you can convince your nannies to let you watch some trilogy." The two former C.A.T. squad members gave Sarah a look.

"Just not the Matrix," Gertrude said, and everybody turned to her. She shrugged. "I don't like how the last one ends." Chuck nodded.

"Huh," he said. Sarah decided to take back over the meeting.

"Alex, you, your father, and Gertrude will go in as staff. We need the fingerprints of our head of security, one Karen Fox. She's become one of the best security people in our industry," Sarah said, starting to feel like herself.

"She took a couple of jobs from us," Chuck added. Sarah nodded.

"Once you get a glass or something with prints on it," she turned toward Morgan, who nodded.

"I get you a set of fingerprints made to attach to your hand," Morgan answered, Sarah nodded. She turned to Jason.

"When you give the signal, I bump into Miss Fox, spilling my drink from her, while you lift her phone?" Jason asked. Something in Chuck's brain clicked. He knew cons, Jason Black knew cons.

"Almost," Sarah said smiling. "I need to switch it out. We need to get eyes on it and replace it with one that resembles it as much as possible."

"I can clone it when she gives us our orders," Casey said. "She should get fairly close distance wise, and the latest scanner takes about fifteen seconds." He paused and looked at Chuck. "Nice work on that by the way." Chuck nodded at him.

"Thank you," Chuck replied, still feeling strange he lived in a world where Casey occasionally complimented him.

"You nerds can take care of getting the right model?" Casey asked, looking mainly at Morgan. Morgan flashed a picture of Karen up on the screen. She was talking on her phone. Morgan played with the settings and scrolled in and cleaned the picture as he went. "What do you think, Chuck?"

"Pretty sure the Buy More has one in stock, Buddy," Chuck said smiling. Sarah nodded, smiling.

"I switch the phone, Chuck and I get in, and get the Intersect," Sarah said, like it was nothing.

"It sounds too easy," Devon said. Ellie nodded.

"I don't like it," Ellie said to her. "These things never go this simply." Sarah waved her hand.

"We'll be fine. Anything Chuck and I find in that vault we can deal with," Sarah said, shrugging

"Okay, we all have our orders," Beckman said. "I'll stay here and run Ops. This is it our chance to end the Intersect once and for all." Something screamed in Chuck's brain and

he turned and saw Morgan and Casey with the same look on their face. They all turned toward Sarah, knowing what she was about to say.

“One last mission and we’ll be done with the Intersect forever!” Sarah said with the biggest smile on her face. Everyone groaned. The smile fell from her face and she looked around, confused. “What? What did I say?”

A/N: Oh, Sarah...Never, EVER, say One last mission...hope you enjoyed it. Feel free to review, or PM me...Til next time...take care

DC

Chapter 6: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 6, We're Having A Baby

A/N Welp...I posted the wrong Chapter...So you may be a chapter ahead. Dear me. This has been a mess. Let's try again, Ch 6, We're Having a Baby.

"Okay team, where are we?" Chuck asked the group gathered in his kitchen. Tomorrow night was the big night, the night Karen Fox and her state of the art security system was supposed to go down, and Chuck wanted there to be as few surprises as possible...mainly because Sarah hated surprises.

"Verbanski and I are on the wait staff." Casey began. "Between the two of us we were able to clone the majority of the apps the target has on her phone."

"A cursory glance at her phone will pass muster, but if she starts trying to do very much with it, this plan will fall apart quickly," Gertrude warned. Chuck turned to Morgan, who threw up his hands.

"Don't look at me, I did the most I could with the info I had."

"No one's blaming you, Buddy. Where are we on the finger-prints?"

"Casey got us everything we needed," Morgan said with a nod toward his father-in-law. That brought out a grunt.

"Awww, grunt 33, you're welcome....Dad." Casey scowled and Morgan looked as though he might flee. Alex grabbed his arm and shot her father a look. Casey relented but grunted.

"Don't know that one," Chuck admitted.

"It's number 3," Alex replied. "The, I will kill you if you ever imply I'm related to you again. It has only been used a few times. Well, until he met Morgan that is," she said smiling at her dad, letting him know Morgan could use it anytime he wanted. Casey looked sick.

“What about Jason, Zondra?” Chuck asked.

“Why don’t you ask me?” Carina wanted to know. Everyone looked at Carina. “What?”

“We all know you keep telling us you can feel Jason’s pick attempt because you want to rub up against Jason,” Zondra replied. “Sarah can pick your pocket any day of the week, and we all know you’d never know.” Carina shrugged, not one bit ashamed.

“I don’t know what it is about him.” Chuck looked at her with a raised eyebrow and a smile. She swatted at him. “No, Chuckles, I mean he’s fine, don’t get me wrong, but there’s something familiar about him,” she said, dreamily.

“I’ve never heard you talk about a man like that before,” Zondra said, with an amused smile on her face. “Don’t tell me...” Carina cut her off before she could go any further.

“I’m not falling for him.” Chuck just grinned. “Don’t worry Chuckles, when you finally come to your senses I’ll still be here for you.” Chuck’s grin grew. “Oh, no, it’s not like that!” she insisted.

“Not like what?” Stephen asked. “Are you gonna marry, Jason?”

“Why would you ask that?” Chuck asked, his face nearly splitting with a grin. Carina was sputtering.

“He thinks they belong together,” Ellie said, walking in with Samantha. “Apparently both Jason and Carina have been spending a lot of time together ‘watching the kids’.” She said with finger quotes.

“They say they need to watch us together, but all they do is watch each other,” Stephen said. Carina looked away, a little embarrassed to be called out by a six year old. Chuck looked bothered.

“I’m sorry, Chuck,” Carina said. “You know the kids mean everything to me, and if something was going on, I would put them first.” Chuck grinned at her. He had actually been thinking about Jason’s comments about how he wouldn’t do anything with Sarah if she were the last woman on Earth. That just stuck in his craw for some reason. He knew he should be happy that his wife wasn’t going to have to worry about the nanny hitting

on her, but at the same time....He shook his head. This was ridiculous. It wasn't bothering him, it was nagging at him, like it should mean something, like it should mean something obvious that he was missing.

"Carina...just don't let Sarah know," he replied.

"Let Sarah know what?" his wife's voice came from the stairs. Chuck turned around to answer but the words caught in his throat. Sarah was there, in a sleeveless Versace dress. Chuck thought it was one from years ago, but Sarah said she didn't remember wearing it then. Chuck was fine with her forgetting that fact...he had been dealing with her not unpacking her suitcase and had nearly ruined their night. Her hair wasn't as long as it was then, it was only shoulder length now, but the results were the same if not more stunning. Chuck had known Sarah for over 12 years, and she still managed to take his breath away each time he saw her, but this...this was something more. He wondered how he managed to keep his cool in Milan back then. Sarah had a smile on her face, that Chuck called his smile. That was the smile she reserved for him. Her eyes pierced into his soul when she smiled at him like that, and he didn't care if anyone else was in the room or not, because when she smiled at him like that no one else was around, or mattered. "Chuck?" she said grinning, knowing what she was doing to him, and loving it.

"How do you get more beautiful?" he asked. Carina stuck a finger in her mouth, mocking gagging.

"I always wanted a younger sibling," Samantha said, causing Chuck to raise his eyebrows and turn toward her. In fact, everyone turned toward her.

"Uh, where did that come from?" Chuck asked.

"I know about babies," Samantha said. Chuck looked at Carina.

"Hey, this one's not on me!"

"Uncle Devon showed me after I read one of his medical books," Samantha said. Ellie shut her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Chuck," Ellie said.

"I'm sure it's not Devon's fault," Sarah said, looking at her daughter, who returned her own look. Chuck looked away, trying not to grin. Sarah's face twitched, and she gave Chuck a level look. She turned back to her daughter. "Did you ask Uncle Devon to see the book you looked at?" Samantha shook her head no. "Did you ask questions about what you read?"

"Yes, and I told Uncle Devon to show me more complete pictures." Chuck winced. Sarah nodded for her to go on.

"What did you learn?" Sarah asked. Samantha looked over at her brother and thought carefully about her brother. He seemed not to care about anything going on around him.

"I know anatomy and how babies are made, and I know there are pictures of you and Dad in that dress and him in a suit or tuxedo 9 months before the day Stephen and I were born." Chuck opened his mouth twice to say something but didn't. Sarah turned toward him, a grin covering her face.

"Anything to add to that?" Sarah asked Chuck pointedly. Chuck shrugged.

"Nope, seems like if we have any questions we should go to her," he replied, and with that, all the adults exploded into laughter.

"You're all boring," Stephen said, heading out to the yard. Chuck looked outside, where Jason was on the phone with someone, his back turned toward the house.

"I'm a little upset that you're checking him out and not me, Mr. Bartowski," Sarah whispered into his ear. Everyone was milling about talking after Samantha's little speech and Sarah had slipped up behind her husband without him knowing. Jason hung up the phone as Stephen approached him, and Chuck kept his thoughts to himself. Instead he smiled, thinking about his wife and the dress she was wearing.

"You never answered my question earlier. How do you keep getting more beautiful?" he asked, grinning. Sarah swatted him gently on the arm.

"Maybe you're getting a little older and need better glasses." Chuck turned toward her, disbelief on his face.

"That's a little insulting," he said, not really trying to look hurt. Sarah grinned, knowing what he was up to. "I mean you look good and all, but you got work harder than that for all of this, Baby," he said, running his hands palms up, down his body. Sarah laughed.

"I'd like a little sister," Samantha said, killing any mood the two had created.

"Uh, Honey, I don't think we're going to have any more kids," Sarah said turning toward her daughter.

"Won't stop you two from practicing," Carina muttered under her breath. Sarah turned toward her, trying to give her a dirty look, but failed, give the insanity of the situation.

"What? She obviously knows more practical things about sex and childbirth than I do, it's not like I'm telling her something she doesn't know."

"She definitely has more practical knowledge on childbirth than these two had with Stephen," Ellie said, her eyes dancing looking at Chuck and Sarah. Chuck tried to look embarrassed but just kept grinning. Carina looked suspicious.

"Really?" Ellie nodded. "Just how bad did it go?" Carina asked. Ellie put down her coffee cup, in surprise.

"You mean, they've never told you?" Ellie asked. Sarah, grinning, shook her head no.

"Sarah, really?" Sarah started laughing, and Chuck joined her.

"What happened?" Zondra demanded. Ellie looked at the couple, who both just shrugged.

"Well," she began but paused. "It was very Chuck and Sarah."

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5 years ago

Chuck walked into the house, whistling. He had finished all the work that needed to be done for Carmichael Industries, and for now, that part of his life was on hold until after their baby was born. Chuck smiled at the thought; he was going to be a dad. Sarah wasn't due for 2 more weeks, but he wasn't going to chance things. He considered going on a baby-moon, but with Ellie having come in to stay with them until the baby came

along, he didn't figure that was fair. He walked into the kitchen to see the scariest thing he had ever seen in his life. There was Sarah, as beautiful as ever, but very obviously pregnant, dipping dill pickle spears into Rocky Road Ice Cream. He watched her for a bit. She was oblivious, and with each bite, she looked like it was the most divine thing she had ever eaten. She opened her eyes after a bite, saw him, and never blinking her gaze, double (or was it by now triple?) dipped her pickle.

"I am never eating from that carton of Rocky Road again," Chuck muttered, smiling while he put his briefcase on the counter.

"The way I'm feeling that ain't the only thing your nevering again," Sarah replied, scooping again, this time she just got some ice cream in her hand since there wasn't much left of the pickle. She didn't look a bit concerned either, if anything, the look was a challenge.

"Uh, excuse me, you were the one in the rush to do the baby thing," Chuck replied, not really believing her comment...but still a little worried.

"You didn't do a thing to stop me," she retorted back. Chuck couldn't help himself and started chuckling.

"Nope." Sarah laughed, and put her non-dipping hand on her belly to support herself. She looked really uncomfortable.

"As much as that hurt, thanks," she said. "It's been a rough hour or so." Chuck tilted his head, confused.

"I'm having Braxton-Hicks contractions, I think," Sarah said. "They're aren't very comfortable."

"Uh, how far apart are they?" Chuck asked. Sarah shrugged.

"Five minutes," she replied off handed. Chuck's eyes bugged out. "Calm down," she said rolling her eyes. "I'm two weeks..." and she stopped mid-sentence. She looked down and her eyes grew wide. She looked up at Chuck, shock covering her face. "Uh.."

"ELLIE!!!!" Chuck screamed, turning pale. Ellie rushed into the kitchen, took one look behind the counter and the mess on the floor, and muttered something under her breath.

"Calm down!" Sarah yelled. Chuck looked at her. She seemed somewhat calm. "I'm the one having the kid, not you, remember?"

"Ellie! She's doing the thingy!" Chuck said pointing at Sarah. Both women rolled their eyes.

"Chuck, you clean up this mess," Ellie said. Chuck brightened.

"I can clean!" And off he went to get supplies, leaving the two women alone.

"Are you having contractions?" Ellie asked. Sarah nodded and held up a finger, for her to give her a moment. Sarah winced a little. Ellie's eyes grew. "How long?"

"For about an hour, they're five minutes apart or so, except now it's more like 3...or 2."

"Uh-oh," Ellie muttered and Sarah raised her eyebrow. "Uh, how trained were you to withstand pain in the CIA?" Sarah's eyes got wide when she realized what the question meant.

"Am I having the baby now?" Sarah asked. Ellie nodded.

"I think, right now. It's called precipitous labor, and it goes fast. I never thought about you and your pain tolerance with your CIA training." Sarah nodded.

"We have a problem," Sarah said. Ellie stopped trying to think what it could be when she heard clanging in the other room. The two women locked eyes.

"Chuck," both women said at the same time. Chuck came bounding into the room with a mop, bucket, cleaner, and a smile on his face. He had lost it. His mind had snapped at what had happened. Sarah started to bury her head in her hand when it hit.

"Uhhh," she said. Chuck turned, worried.

"Uhhh? You never uhhh? I mean, oh...oh God...your having it right now aren't you?" Chuck's voice raised octaves as he said it.

"I'm sorry," Sarah said, her eyes pleading forgiveness. She slapped him. Chuck was shocked. She pointed at his face. "I need you. Right now. Snap out of this!"

"Are you remembering?" Sarah wanted to scream. "Wait, that look, it's like something from us during the missions when I'd do something stupid about us." Sarah smiled, and then winced one eye closed as a contraction hit. She made the sign for him to hurry it along. "You're acting like the you of old, not that you weren't before but." Sarah took three fingers and her thumb and pinched his lips closed.

"You're spiraling. I always remember you, you goof. In here," she said pointing to her heart with her other hand. "I may have forgot the memories, but my heart never forgot you." Chuck nodded. He closed his eyes for a second and Sarah removed her fingers from his face. He opened them and Sarah saw he was okay.

"Right," he began, and Sarah buckled a bit and one eye went a little buggy. Chuck reached down, scooped her up and began to carry her to the couch. "We're gonna have to burn this couch later."

"There was a chance he was conceived here, might as well have him here," Sarah muttered.

"Sarah!" Ellie shouted, not wanting to hear that.

"I used to have to shower, in the shower you and Devon did your thang in, so all's fair," Chuck replied. Sarah started to speak, but she made some groan that Chuck had never heard. "Sorry dear," he said and in one motion deposited her on the couch as he pulled her pants down, as she lifted her hips to help him. Ellie put her hand on his arm.

"I got this end from here. You work on that end, and I have everything down here," Ellie said. Chuck started to nod, but Ellie gripped his arm. "Chuck, you look down here, you'll pass out."

"Right," he said, turning toward his wife. "Don't pass out." Sarah nodded breathing. "Where are we?"

"About a 7," she said. He turned his head to the side to say, "really?" "Let me hold your hand," she said, reaching out. Chuck was a little hesitant.

“Dear, you’re really strong, and I don’t want you to break...”

“CHUCK! HAND!” she screamed during a contraction. He gave her his hand and she squeezed. Chuck dropped to a knee and wanted to scream, but no sound came out.

“Don’t...snap....all the bones!” he got out, red-faced and trying to breathe.

“Sorry!” she yelled. “Ellie?”

“You’re crowning, I’ve heard of this but never saw it,” she said, shaking her head.

“Push!” Sarah pushed, and Chuck fell from his knee to the ground, but he never let go of Sarah’s hand.

“Aargh!” she yelled. “It’s an 8 now!”

“I’m at an 80!” Chuck yelled.

“You are such a nerd!” she screamed.

“I KNOW!” Chuck yelled wondering if any bones wouldn’t be broke in his hand.

“One more push and I think...” Ellie trailed off, and Sarah collapsed on the couch. Chuck hit the ground and laid there, he nearly passed out, until he heard the crying. He raised up, and Sarah caught his eye. They both had the same smile that plastered their faces. “I think someone wants to meet you two,” Ellie said, tears in her eyes, cooing at the baby.

“Hey buddy,” Chuck said, as Ellie started to give him the baby. “Nope,” Chuck said.

“Kick-ass spy-ninja over her just popped this guy out in less than two minutes, I’m not getting between her and her cub.” Ellie smile, suspecting he was right. Sarah looked a little worried when she was handed her son, but the baby cooed in her arms and the look on Sarah’s face made Chuck smile the biggest smile he ever knew. He reached down and traced his finger over his son’s hand. Stephen opened his hand and clutched Chuck’s finger. Sarah gasped.

“We did this,” she whispered. Chuck nodded and she looked up at him, with tears in her eyes.

“Why are you crying, it’s my hand that smashed?” he asked, a grin covering his face. She shook her head.

"I'm sorry about that," she answered. Chuck shrugged. "We did this, and it's amazing, but you are not touching me....ever!" Chuck did his eyebrow dance. "Give me a few days, you nut."

"Give her four to six weeks!" Ellie yelled. Chuck looked at her, shocked.

"I....wasn't...oh, screw it," he said, giving up. Both women laughed at him, as Ellie pulled out her phone to call the hospital.

}o{

"You replaced the couch, right?" Casey asked. Gertrude slapped his shoulder. "What?" he asked. Chuck looked at him, nodding quickly and insistently.

"An 8 huh?" Carina asked. Sarah shrugged, bouncing a shoulder.

"Probably an 11 for you," she said, winking at Chuck. Chuck smiled. Carina shook her head.

"Now that we've wandered down memory lane, are we ready for tomorrow night?" Chuck asked. Everyone nodded. Carina and Zondra took Samantha outside, the Grimes left as did Casey and Gertrude, even Ellie said she needed to get back to her new place and unpack. "Need any help?" Chuck asked. Ellie shook her head.

"Devon and I want to do this," she said, grinning. "Tomorrow, we begin to fix things, Chuck." Chuck put his arm around Sarah and the two looked at each other.

"There's nothing to fix," Chuck said. Sarah shrugged.

"I know he loves me and I love him, the rest...it would be nice, but I've got my family." Ellie smiled and went out the door. Chuck and Sarah walked over to the window to watch the five outside. Carina turned, saw them, and gave a head nod toward the stairs.

"Is she implying," Chuck began, trying to sound outraged.

"I swear that's all that on her mind," Sarah said, agreeing. She paused for a second and the two shared a look. "I mean, it wouldn't hurt to keep in practice in case we decide to have a third," she said with a grin on her face. Chuck's grin grew.

"It never hurts to practice," Chuck said agreeing. The two walked toward the stairs.

"You think Morgan figured out that's the couch he took from here yet?" Sarah asked. Chuck just burst into laughter.

"I wonder if Casey realized it was the couch he slept on when he stayed at their place?" Chuck and Sarah headed upstairs, not realizing that after tonight, things would never be the same.

Oh....oh my....that sounds....ominous...guess I better hurry up and write the next one. Hope you enjoyed it. Reviews are always appreciated. BTW, precipitous labor is a real thing, and it once the idea popped into my head I just couldn't get it out.

Chapter 7: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 7, Sarah and The Intersect, Again

A/N: Uh, I forgot I was doing this...it was supposed to already be done...I spent three weeks high on painkillers over my tooth. My back was messed up... Okay, fine, I forgot about it. There, I admit it. I'm sorry. So while it's not required listening, this chapter was written while listening to steampunk .chuckster's ConVerse Soundtrack Con Game Vegas, specifically Aceyalone's All for U. Think of this mission as something Ocean's 11ish. I give you Chuck vs the Nanny Remaster Ch 7, Sarah and the Intersect...Again

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck...and that hurts to admit.

"Overwatch, we are in the building," Chuck said softly into the mike. Inside Castle, Beckman, Zondra, Carina, Ellie, and Devon, along with the 2 youngest Bartowskis and the youngest Woodcomb watched the security camera feeds being fed into Castle.

Carina was on coms, quarterbacking the mission. "We have eyes on you, Chuckles, looking good." Sarah grunted disapprovingly. "Come on, Sarah, you know he does."

"Cut the chatter Carina," Casey grumbled. Zondra laughed at her friend. "Do you have eyes on everyone?" Casey was behind the bar using his vantage point to keep an eye on everything. Gertrude walked by and gave him a slight head nod. She was dressed in a serving uniform, playing her part by serving guests drinks, but also doing her own surveillance.

"Affirmative Sugar Bear," Zondra replied. Casey growled.

"That's Uncle Sugar Bear, Sir!" Stephen yelled from the other room, he and the other two children had been herded off to.

"General, do you think you can shut the door so the kids can't hear this?" Carina asked General Beckman.

"I wouldn't bother," Sarah muttered into her mike. "They'd just hack the feed wherever they are." Devon looked over at his wife, who nodded.

“Do we need to upload an Intersect into Clara?” Devon asked. Ellie gave him a look, and he got a guilty expression on his face. “Right. Not awesome.”

Sarah chuckled. “Trust me, Devon, you don’t want to deal with what we are dealing with.”

Chuck looked over at Sarah. “How long have you suspected?”

Sarah shrugged. “Stephen has never really shown anything.” She blew out an exasperated breath and continued. “Samantha has a larger vocabulary than almost anyone I know, and she’s four. It could be she is that smart, but it feels like something is enhancing her learning.”

Carina looked over at Beckman, who wasn’t saying anything, but there was a look on her face. Carina covered the mike. “General, do you want me to cut their chatter?”

Beckman yanked herself out of her thoughts, and shook her head. She looked at Carina, with a troubled look on her face. “No, as much as Bartowski has always done things unorthodoxed, the team has always succeeded. This is their mission and I’m not about to tell them how to run it.”

Carina just looked at Beckman for a minute, nodded, and uncovered her mike and spoke. “Morgan, Alex, I have eyes on you as well.” Carina saw both of them give a slight head nod in acknowledgement. Their server costumes matched perfectly with the actual servers.

“Do you have eyes on me?” Jason asked. The voice came into Carina’s ear and she smiled, sultry.

“I see you,” she replied.

Chuck turned to Sarah, both of them smirking, hearing the exchange take place. “Carina, the Sexy Distraction is supposed to be run on Karen, not you.”

Carina glared at the screen that held the spy couple. “I’m not distracted.”

“Uh-huh” Zondra answered, grinning. Carina didn’t say anything, she just sit there, sulking.

"You're drink, Sir," Morgan said to Jason, bringing Jason a flute of champagne. "She's by the fountain," he said softly. Jason turned to look, without being obvious. Karen was checking her phone, and when she finished, she slipped it in her left blazer pocket. Jason saw Sarah move into position, palming a phone in her right hand.

"I'm in position," Sarah whispered.

"Target is in her left pocket," Morgan said.

"We have a green light," Carina said, sitting up, suddenly all business.

"Show time," Jason said. He began to walk toward the fountain, nonchalantly, appearing to appreciate the piece of artwork. He stepped to the right, appearing to avoid someone, and at the last second, spun and continued right, crashing into Karen, spilling the drink onto her. At that exact moment, Sarah walked by, slipping the phone in the jacket pocket while switching for the one already in there. Sarah turned looking at Jason like he was a Neanderthal.

"Let me get one of the wait staff to help you clean that up," Sarah said to Karen. Karen nodded her thanks and turned, shooting daggers towards Jason as Sarah headed off. Morgan came over with towels.

"I'm so sorry," Jason began, very confidently, but after a second his shoulders slumped. "I'm sorry," he said softly, and defeated. "I am the world's biggest klutz. Everywhere I go I bump into someone, I make a mess, or...." He trailed off. Sarah listened, intently. She was impressed with the change of attitude. "You ever have someone in your family that you try to live up to, and no matter how hard you try you can't?" Karen's eyes softened. "That's why I moved here, to try to get away from her shadow, but no matter where I go it's like she's there."

"Ex-girlfriend?" Karen asked, intrigued by this point.

"Younger sister," Jason answered. "Everything she does....perfect. She changes careers, it turns out perfect. Gets married, they're perfect. Have perfect kids. Me, I'm stuck with Dad, and he doesn't even want to admit I exist." Karen felt for the guy. She looked around, saw everything was running smoothly, and made a decision.

"Come on," she said, nodding to the bar. "Let's go over here and talk so you can get it all out." Jason nodded and the two headed off, taking Karen's eyesight off of the door. Chuck and Sarah were getting ready to enter.

"He's good," Chuck said, leaning down whispering into her ear. Sarah could feel his grin and knew he was goading her. "Maybe better than you." With that she turned around and gave him an, "oh please," look. Chuck's grin only intensified. "Pretty serious backstory there, huh?"

"You know every good story has a bit of truth to it," Sarah said. Chuck narrowed his eyes and looked toward the bar where Jason and Karen had gone. "What?" Chuck looked at her and shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. They walked over to the door and Sarah pulled out the phone with the special key on it. She put on the glove with the fingerprints, scans in, enters the code and the door slides open. They turn to each other and smile. "Hope everything's going this well in Castle," Chuck said.

}o{

5 minutes earlier

Castle

"We have a problem," Samantha said to Stephen. Stephen looked over at the monitor that Samantha had hacked into.

"That's not cartoons," Stephen whined. Samantha had told the adults her and Stephen were going to go watch TV, while Clara read in the corner. For some reason, they believed her. Samantha looked over at Clara who was engrossed in her book.

"I know, I am hacking the feed," she explained. Stephen looked at her like he wasn't stupid. "Someone's already piggy backed the signal," she said. Stephen looked around, saw no one was watching, and smiled. "Does that mean?" he asked gleefully. Samantha nodded. "How did they solve all those missions without us?" Samantha shrugged. "Clara," Stephen said, pulling her out of her book. "Can you get your Mom and Dad? I need them to look at something, I've hurt my leg and I think it's bleeding again." Clara

got up and started out. "I really need both of them." Clara rolled her eyes at her cousin, but went anyway. In a few minutes the two Doctors appeared.

"What's up, Buddy?" Devon asked.

"I've got a cut on my leg, but can we go to another room for you to look at it?" He leaned in and whispered. "I don't want Zondra and Carina to see me without my pants on." Ellie smiled, thinking how many times those two had changed his diapers, but nodded for him to lead on. They went toward the back of Castle, came to a room, and had Devon and Ellie go in. Stephen stood to the side. "Lady guest first," he said to Clara. Devon and Ellie exchanged a look. "Dad said for us to stay together." Clara walked in, not wanting to start a fight.

"Are you worried, Buddy?" Devon asked. "It's all going to be fine." Stephen nodded, reached out and put his hand on a panel beside the door. The door slid shut and locked. The panic room was sealed.

"We know," Samantha answered.

"You two let us out of her right now!" Ellie yelled beating on the door. Samantha shook her head.

"My father always took care of you," Samantha began. Ellie's eyes got wide. "Something is about to happen, and I have to do what he would have done if he was here." Ellie shook her head.

"I always thought you took after your father, but there's a whole lot of your mother in there as well," Ellie said, proud of the girl, even though she hated the situation. "Sarah protected everyone, even if it made them mad." Samantha smiled, and a tear came to her eye. Ellie shook her head. "This is a bad idea." Samantha shrugged. "Take care of your brother." Samantha almost looked hurt.

"Aunt Ellie, it's what Bartowski's do." She said and started off.

"Don't worry guys, we know Kung-Fu," Stephen said as they headed off. Devon looked at Ellie.

“Do they?” Devon asked. “Or do they know Morgan Kung-Fu?” Ellie shrugged.

}o{

Undisclosed location

A tall, dark-haired man stood in shadows and watched the monitors of the stolen feeds of Team Bartowski. He looked over to the side where three prisoners were tied up, with gags in their mouths. One prisoner almost had his gag off, but instead of securing it, the dark-haired man decided to let it fall, and hear whatever plea they had this time.

“Listen, leave them out of it,” the older male of the three prisoners said. “Leave everyone else out of it. This only ends with someone dying and it could be you.” The dark-haired man nodded. “I know he’s adverse to killing, but he has children now, and he’ll do whatever it takes to save them.”

“And her?” he asked never looking at the distinguished gentleman.

“You know exactly what she’ll do,” he answered. The dark-haired man turned toward him.

“Do I? Do I really? She doesn’t remember.” Realization came over the distinguished gentleman’s face.

“You’re going to give it all back to them, just to take it all away,” he said, not asked. A sick smile crossed the dark-haired man’s face.

“Just like they did to me.”

“You don’t even know if it will make her remember,” the distinguished man answered.

The dark-haired man smiled, shrugged, and started to answer, when someone ran up.

“Our hack’s been discovered,” the man said in a panic. The dark-haired man walked over, pulled the gag over the distinguished gentleman’s face, ran his finger down the side of his female prisoner’s face, who tried to back away, but couldn’t because of her restraints, and stopped in front of the other man in front of him.

“Perfect,” he said looking at the second male, who kept trying to look at two different monitors at once. “You know you are actually the problem. If you’d of just had one child, we wouldn’t be here today.” The second male prisoner struggled against his restraints. “I see where she gets her anger from.” The dark-haired man bent down. “Here’s the thing, someone is going to die, and since the two of them won’t kill, eventually, I’ll win.” He stood up, turned to his flunky. “Is the team ready?” The flunky nodded. “We’ll go on my signal.”

}o{

Now

Party

“We’re entering the elevator now,” Sarah said.

“Copy,” Carina answered. “We have cameras in the elevator, but we may lose coms, so no making out.”

“Afraid you’ll learn something,” Sarah said, smirking. Chuck laughed and hit the button to head down. “So far so go,” he said, and then he winced. Sarah shook her head.

“At least it’s going better than that mission,” she said. Chuck looked over at her, grinned, and looked back ahead. He thought back to that night, where they finally figured out what kind of missions Carmichael Industries would be involved with.

}o{

6 years ago

“That was terrible,” Sarah grumbled, throwing her go bag on the floor. Chuck couldn’t help but chuckle. She turned toward him, anger on her face. “How can you laugh? Do you know what almost happened?” Chuck walked up and put his hands on her upper arms, and drew her in close.

“This amazing agent once told me as long as we all came back and stopped the bad guys, it was a good day.”

“Well, I know it wasn’t me because I would have said that much more eloquently,” Sarah grumbled, pulling away. Chuck chuckled. “How did I used to do this?” she asked softly. Chuck looked at her. “How did I not worry you could die at any moment?”

“Agent Walker used to compartmentalize her feelings,” he said, with a smirk on his face. “At least that’s what she said...I didn’t really believe her.” Sarah walked toward him, angrily.

“And, why didn’t you stay in the car?” she asked very forcefully, with what appeared to be anger on her face. Chuck looked away, because he didn’t want to laugh in her face. That would lead to bodily harm...his. “Chuck, this isn’t a joke.” Chuck looked back down at her.

“You know why,” he said. She looked away, and Chuck knew that she was upset, but there was more. “You also know why you’re feeling what your feeling.” She stopped, her jaw dropped. She stared at his implication. “I’m just saying, post-mission sex....I’m a fan.”

“We are so not,” she said, sputtering. “I am mad that you didn’t,” she began, but Chuck stepped right up to her and her words died at her lips. The grin was still on his face, but his eyes...they were dancing. She was getting lost in them.

“You were in trouble, and I do what has to be done,” he said softly, moving one of the locks of hair that had escaped behind her ear. Sarah shuddered at the touch.

“We don’t do these type of missions anymore,” she began. Chuck nodded, and realization hit her. “You knew we shouldn’t,” she accused. Chuck shrugged, walked over to the couch, and sat down, grinning. “We had come to this realization already, but you knew I didn’t remember it, so you had us do this on purpose.” Chuck tried to keep the smile on his face. “You think you know everything do you?” Chuck looked up at the glint in her eye. In the past he had thought it was a dangerous one. He had learned that it wasn’t that dangerous. She pounced, tackling him on the couch, and started to kiss him. She kissed him where his neck met his collar bone and he growled.

"Sarah, we should go into the bedroom," he began, and she laid a finger on his lips and shook her head no.

"Nope," she answered, her eyes dancing and then she hit him with her version of the Bartowski eyebrow dance. Chuck groaned.

"But, protection," he began, and again, she laid her finger over his lips.

"I'm sick of not knowing and you knowing things, so it's time we do something that you don't know how it's going to work out." Chuck's eyes grew big as saucers. Sarah grinned. "I'm not Sarah Walker. I'm your Sarah, and I want us to be in this together, and we can't if everything we do is me having to relearn something. So it's time we do something neither one of us has experienced." Chuck looked at the couch, questioning the location. Sarah bounced a shoulder, shrugging. "Up for post-mission sex Agent Carmichael?" Chuck nodded, the grin covering his entire face.

}o{

Now

Elevator

"Thinking about that couch, aren't you?" Sarah asked. Chuck laughed out loud. The elevator stopped and the doors opened. They stepped outside. "Carina, I'm going dark for just a moment." She hit the earwig, turning it off, and nodded at Chuck to do the same. He did and looked at her. "I need to make sure you're good with things. There is no guarantee I get my memory back with this, and if I don't," she paused, not sure what to say. Chuck took her into his arms.

"You're my Sarah, remember?" he asked. She nodded. "Your heart never forgot, and it never will. Whatever happens, we got this." He pulled back, and she grinned at him.

"You're good, Bartowski," she said straightening his tie.

"I learned from the best," he said. She kissed him, and turned the earwig back on, as Chuck said the same thing.

"Everything okay?" Carina asked. Sarah grinned.

"Yeah," she answered.

"Had to make sure he loves you no matter what?" Carina asked. Sarah didn't answer, but blushed just a bit. "You two," she began, shaking her head. "All these years, and you still question if you deserve each other. No one else would have your mess." Sarah and Chuck both laughed. They made their way down the hallway with no resistance. They followed all the corridors and made their way to a display where a pair of sunglasses sat.

"This is almost too easy," Chuck said. "Carina, are we missing something?"

"There's nothing, Chuckles," she responded. "Get them and get out."

"And I get my memory back," Sarah muttered under her breath, thinking about the moment that bothered her the most.

}o{

8 months after the last flashback

Chuck and Sarah walked into Casa de Bartowski after a long day at Carmichael Industries.

"Think we should sell Castle?" Chuck asked. Sarah didn't respond, so Chuck continued. "Before everything happened back then, we talked about it. I mean I do like it as the original team's hideout, but we have the office building now...and of course there is the sentimental reasons of keeping it for the supply closets." Sarah was still off in space. "It's where Morgan and I first had sex." Sarah blinked and turned toward Chuck, tilting. "No, we didn't, but you are off in outer space." Sarah rolled her eyes, walked over to the freezer, pulled out a container of Rocky Road, grabbed a big spoon, took the top off the ice cream, looked him directly in the eye, and took a huge bite. She chewed, sighed, looked at her husband, winced, and looked down at her stomach.

"Were you a soccer star and never told me?" she asked. Chuck looked at her. She was as beautiful as ever, maybe more so. In a month or so, it would be three Bartowskis.

"Nope," he said, grinning. He followed his wife's gaze, to what he thought was the couch. "We should get rid of that," he said turning back to her. She looked confused.

"The couch." She smiled but nodded toward the couch. Chuck followed her gaze to the wall, past the couch, where their wedding picture hung. Chuck looked back at her, confused. He started to say something, but the look on her face, told her she was thinking. She looked at him, smirked, and pulled out her phone. *Feeling Good* by Nina Simone began to play on the Bluetooth speakers. She opened a drawer and pulled out twist ties, and stared at Chuck. He started to speak, but the look she gave him, shut his mouth before he could say a word.

"I know, we got married. I've watched it, over and over and over. I know we practiced with these, but right now, I need something. I need a memory, so I need you to help me make one," Sarah said, looking right at him. Chuck grinned and nodded. "Our song is on repeat, so I need you to give me your vow, and then listen to my vow. That's it, that's all I need. Okay?" Chuck nodded, walked over and took a zip tie. He took one and held her hand.

"I told you almost a year ago, that I'm here for you. Nothing changes that. You could walk out that door tomorrow and return in 20 years, and I'd still be here for you. I love you Sarah Samantha Jennie Burton Walker Bartowski, and nothing is ever going to change that. I've loved you for 6 years even when you didn't know how to accept it. I made mistakes in the past and wasn't there for you, but that will never happen again. I am here for you, our children, and our future." Sarah smiled, tears glistening, as Chuck tied his zip tie on her finger.

"Perfect," she whispered, and Chuck's heart lurched. She continued. "My mind doesn't remember, but my heart can't forget you no matter what you do. I've seen all the mission logs of how I was a mess. Somehow you found me, every time I was lost. You. You found me. So, I'm not going anywhere, because it's useless," she said, grinning. "You're just gonna find me anyway, and bring me home. Because you, Chuck, you're home. You always have been." She tied the zip tie to his finger, reached over, grabbed a big bite of Rocky Road and ate it, all while smiling.

"Perfect," he said. She reached up, kissed him, took his hand and turned.

"Come on," she said. "My back is in no shape for the couch."

“You need to lie down and me get you some pillows?” he asked. She raised an eyebrow and smirked. “Oh...OH!! But the ice cream will melt.” She gave him a look of, “really?” “You know I bet it’s just as good as a drink,” he said, following her. “I love you Sarah.” She smiled at him.

“I know,” she replied. Chuck grinned.

}o{

Now

“We really shouldn’t have given that couch to Morgan,” Sarah said softly.

“Huh?” Morgan’s voice came over the comms. Chuck chuckled, as Sarah reached up and took the glasses. Nothing happened. Sarah smiled.

“See, last mission, no problem.” Chuck’s face fell, and everyone groaned. “What?”

}o{

Undisclosed location

The dark-haired man watched everything take place. He watched Chuck and Sarah and scowled. They had the glasses. He put a head set on, and picked up his phone. He typed a message and sent it to two people. “All teams go! Castle assault team, go! Intersect protection team, go!” He turned and looked at his three captives. “Let’s see if they’re still as good as they used to be.

}o{

Now

Bar

Jason’s phone went off, and he excused himself from Karen. He checked his text message. *It begins.* The color drained from Jason’s face, and he texted back quickly. *You promised you wouldn’t hurt them.* He waited and the text came back. *I promised I wouldn’t hurt the children, and I haven’t. As for the others....oh well.*

}o{

Castle

As the three women sat monitoring the situation, one received a text message. She checked her messages. *It begins.* She quickly replied. *I'm doing as you asked!* The return message came back. *The children will be fine...I can't say the same for you....*

"Castle's under attack" Zondra yelled.

}o{

Now

Vault

Chuck's heart leapt into his throat.

"The rest of you get back to Castle, ASAP," Sarah said. The tone in her voice left no question as whether or not to argue with her. She started forward, when doors opened, and a squad of goons came out firing. Chuck and Sarah were separated, both taking cover. Sarah glanced at the intersect glasses and shook her head. Not until Ellie tested them, for all she knew she would forget everything.

"General, take the kids and hide," Zondra said.

"Are you sure?" Beckman asked.

"Go, General!" Carina yelled. "Don't let anything happen to them!"

"We're 10 minutes out," Casey's voice came over the comms.

"I don't know if we have 10 minutes!" Carina said, and then she yelled.

"Carina? Carina!" Sarah yelled.

"Sarah, I'm trapped!" came Chuck's voice through her earpiece.

"Sarah, this is not good, we're being overrun here at Castle, Carina's been shot!" Zondra's voice came over her earpiece. Sarah stared at the glasses.

"Sarah," Chuck's voice pierced through her thoughts, and spoke right through her soul. She heard the bullets firing at him. "I know what you're thinking, and I know I can't stop

you, so do me one favor. Promise me.”

“What is it, Chuck?”

“Don’t forget the kids,” he said, smiling. Sarah smiled as well.

“Hey, nerd. I’m not forgetting you either. I love you.”

“I love you, Sarah.”

“I know.” Sarah put on the Intersect glasses and the flash began.

WAIT!!!! WHAT!!!! YOU’RE ENDING IT HERE!!??!!! Yep. I’ll be back with more as soon as I can.

Chapter 8: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 8, Talk Nerdy To Me

A/N: Wow some of this was baaaaaad. It was my first fic. Sarah and the Intersect...that never goes well. Ch 8, Talk Nerdy to Me

Disclaimer: Don't own Chuck. However word on the street is WillieGarvin does.

Carmichael Industries, Russian branch

"Mary, you might want to see this." Jenny, Mary's assistant was staring at the computer layout of the facility. She had never seen what was happening before. Mary walked over and glanced at the monitor. She sighed, seeing the flashing dot off to the side of layout. She knew what that meant, but the question was who else knew it, and why were they there. The answers that popped in her head made her frown. "How is this possible?" Jenny asked, pulling Mary out of her thoughts. "It's outside of our facility and there's an intrusion? The software must be buggy." Mary gestured toward the keyboard and Jenny moved out of the way. Mary typed a few things, and another schematic of the facility popped up and overlaid the current one on the screen. Jenny stared at it. "What is that?"

"That, is Alexei Volkoff's office," Mary said, pointing at the room that was not on the earlier schematic. "But more importantly, someone is in there, and I need to know who it is." Jenny's eyes grew wide. She had always heard the rumors about Alexei and his private office, but it remained off books. Apparently it was for a very good reason, a reason that Mary wasn't about to divulge right now.

"I'll take care of this," Mary said, drawing her weapon, and she left quickly. As she approached the doors she hoped to never see again, she noticed it was cracked open. She pushed it open, and used all her spy training not to gasp.

"Alexei! Hands up or I will kill you!" she screamed, pointing her gun at the man who wasn't supposed to exist any longer, Alexei Volkoff. As Hartley screwed, she quickly realized it wasn't Alexei. Mary couldn't help but laugh as Hartley slumped out of the

chair to the ground while trying to raise his hands. "Hartley, I'm sorry," she said through fits of laughter. "It's just you know you're not supposed to be in here."

"Do you think I want to be in here?" he yelled/screamed in a panic.

"Hartley what's wrong?"

"They have Vivian," he said with tears in his eyes. Mary's face hardened. "Mary, they have my baby girl."

"Come on," Mary, said, harnessing her weapon, walking over, and helping Hartley up. "We're going on a trip. There's someone I need to make sure is where he's supposed to be!"

}o{

Vault

Chuck watched his wife Sarah's head twitch and jerk as the Intersect uploaded itself into her mind. She suddenly stopped twitching and fell over. She didn't move, and Chuck was beginning to get worried. The bodyguards moved forward as Chuck took in their positions. As good as he was with a tranq gun, he knew he was no match for the 12 guards that approached him. One of the bodyguards kicked Sarah's foot, and she had no reaction. The men turned toward Chuck, who raised his hands in surrender, knowing he currently had no chance. He couldn't risk Sarah. He'd have to wait for a better spot to attempt an escape. They pulled him out into the open and Chuck began to think this might be it.

"Hey, I recognize her," one of the bodyguards said. "That's the girl that was supposed to take this guy out, back when I worked for Quinn." Chuck rolled his eyes thinking things couldn't get any worse.

"I mean really, this guy, Intersect, does anyone ever bother to learn my name?" Chuck asked, disgusted. One of the bodyguards cocked his gun and aimed it at Chuck. Chuck swallowed. "Got it, not important right now."

“Frank?” Chuck heard Sarah’s voice. Chuck looked over and she was sitting up, starting at first Chuck and then the bodyguard. She shot Chuck a death look, and his heart sank. She looked up at Frank. “Thanks,” she said to Frank. Frank looked confused. “You just helped me get my memory back.” She looked at Chuck with disgust, and Chuck swore to himself that if he ever got out of this, he’d quit ever thinking things couldn’t get worse. “Do you know I had to sleep with that idiot and have his kids,” she said with venom in her voice that Chuck had only heard once...it was the time Quinn had taken away her memories. Chuck felt sick inside. His world slowly began to crumble.

“Sarah, are you okay?” Frank asked. She nodded and stood.

“Let me,” she said to Frank, gesturing toward the weapon. Frank shook his head. “Hear me out. This...nerd...” the way she said it, drove a knife through Chuck’s heart. “Made me have his children.” Chuck looked at her, stunned. “He had his way with me, and kept me away from what I do best, just to be a mother to his kids.” Chuck stared straight ahead, his heart breaking with each word from her, and wondering how she could be remembering things the wrong way. She wanted kids, she had stayed an integral part of Carmichael Industries, and every once in a while she unleashed her ninja kick-assery skills on those that deserved it. “He had me watch all those goofy movies. They were sooooo stupid.”

“The prequels,” Frank said.

“Hey, they’re not that bad,” Chuck interjected. Everyone turned to look at him. “Right, shutting up.” Frank shook his head and handed her two guns.

“Enjoy,” he said. Sarah winked at Frank and turned toward Chuck. She walked right in front of him and squatted down, looking him directly in the eye. Chuck was terrified...and a little turned on.

“I want you to hear this Bartowski, all of this,” she said. Chuck looked into her eyes. “Of all the nerdy things you made me watch, I think the worst is Star Trek II The Wrath of Khan.” Chuck raised an eyebrow. Wrath of Khan? That was very...specific. She turned and looked at Frank. “You know the worst thing, besides these nerds running around and talking in Klingon?” Frank shook his head. “They used some stupid code to

communicate with each other, Regulation 46A. I mean how dumb do you have to be to tell someone what you are doing with a barely disguised code?" She asked, turning and looking directly at Chuck. Chuck had had enough. He decided he wasn't going out, without taking a few of his own shots, besides what did he have to lose?

"That's the worst memory?" Chuck asked. Sarah nodded. "I would have thought it would have been you having to say these words to me. 'Chuck, you're a gift. You're a gift I never dreamed I could want or need and everyday I will show you that you're a gift that I deserve. You make me the best person I could ever hope to be and I want to spend and learn and love the rest of my life with you.'" One of the guards wiped his eyes. Chuck looked at him like, "really?" He turned back to Sarah. She was smiling almost evilly.

"I'm used to lying," she answered. Chuck nodded with a smirk on his face. "The worst thing I had to do, was listen to you. 'How do I express my love for you? Or my dreams for our future? Or the fact that I will fight for you everyday. Or that our kids will be like little superheroes with little capes and stuff like that? Words can't express that and don't do it justice. They just don't cut it. So no vows. I'll just prove it to you everyday for the rest of our lives. You can count on me.'" Chuck leaned back, placing his hands behind the legs of the two thugs behind him.

"So that's it? After all this time, this is how I find out?" Sarah bounced a shoulder and shrugged. "So it's time to end this?" he asked. She nodded, stood, and looked right at him. "Do you have anything you want to say to me?" She grinned.

"Perfect," she said. Chuck brought his hands up and forward, hitting both of the guards in the back of the knees, as Sarah squeezed off two shots at them. They were dead before they hit the ground. Chuck looked up. He knew it wasn't possible, but it seemed like things were moving in slow motion as Led Zepplin's *Immigrant Song* played. There were 12 guards, two dead with her and Chuck's move. The guards attempted to move their guns to aim at Sarah, since they had had them down during the two's exchange. Sarah side kicked Frank with her left leg, sending him into three off to the side. That left six, two behind her and four to her right, she dropped down into the splits and spun, taking out the four to the right while the two behind her shot over her head. Chuck shot

cover fire over the heads of the two, from one of the guns on the ground, and the two scattered. She stood, moving to her right, taking out three of the five on the right, leaving Frank and another guard and the two behind them. One of the guns jammed, and she threw it at Frank, knocking him backward. She shot the other behind her, the gun running out of bullets. Chuck shot cover fire again at the guard on the right, and he ducked. Sarah kicked the guard in the face, and caught the gun Chuck threw to her. The two were down, and Sarah looked at Chuck not sure what to do. As she did, Chuck saw Frank rise with a gun, and he started to cry out, as she shot both Frank and the other guard all while looking at Chuck. Chuck nodded understanding what she had to do. He stood up, brushed himself off, and walked over to her.

“Regulation 46A, if transmission are being monitored during battle, no uncoded messages are to be transmitted on an open channel,” Chuck said, smiling. Sarah put her hand around his neck.

“See, I did pay attention during those movies,” she said, grinning.

“Everything?” he asked, a grin on his face. The smile on Sarah’s face nearly made Chuck cry.

She straightened his tie, pulled him in, and kissed him. “Who’s your Momma,” she asked when she pulled away, with a coy smile and a raised eyebrow.

“Hi-Yo!” he yelled, and gave her the 100 megawatt Chuck smile that was reserved for her.

“Uh, we hate to break up the party there, but we have a situation in Castle,” Carina said over the earpiece. Sarah and Chuck’s hearts leapt to their throats, as they remembered the situation with their kids.

“We’re on our way,” Sarah replied. There was no answer. She looked at Chuck. “Carina? Carina!” Static.

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Five minutes earlier, Castle

Samantha and Stephen were in their prep room when the fire fight broke out.

"I wasn't ready for this," Samantha said, working on the computer as fast as she could. Stephen watched her, understanding what she was doing, just not caring.

"You missed that code there," Stephen said, looking for nunchakus. She looked over at her brother.

"You really need to let Mom and Dad know that you understand all this coding," Samantha began. Stephen sighed, not finding what he was looking for. "Are you really going to use Kung Fu?"

"Of course I'm going to use Kung Fu, and why would I tell Mom and Dad what I can do?" Stephen asked, annoyed by his younger sister. "They'll want me to do stuff on the computer, and I can't watch the cool movies with Uncle Morgan." Samantha studied him for a minute.

"You do know if Dad knew, you could help him and Uncle Morgan write a video game?" Stephen turned toward her, his mouth dropped opened. "There!" she exclaimed. "I've got Aunt Ellie total tactical and communication control of Castle!"

"Let's go beat up some bad guys," Stephen said, finally finding his nunchakus. The two headed toward the firefight.

}o{

Now

"Carina!" Sarah shouted, while running down the hallway. She had been worried in the past about Chuck, but this...this was a new level of worried. This was what Chuck called, "Mama Bear levels of worry."

"Sarah, we are five minutes out," Casey said. "The bad news is bodyguards are headed your way."

"Sarah?" Ellie's voice came over the coms.

"Ellie?" Sarah asked, as her and Chuck exchanged a look.

"Listen, your children have locked Devon, Clara, and I in a panic room." Sarah looked at Chuck.

"It's not my fault!" he exclaimed, but there was a smile on his face.

"You Bartowskis are always protecting everyone," Sarah retorted, with both pride and irritation.

"I have total schematics, and you have nearly a hundred guards heading your way," Ellie said. Sarah's eyebrows shot up. "Are you showing any side effects of the Intersect?"

"No, not yet, in fact I remember everything."

"Any headaches?"

"Nope," she said popping the P. "How long until any possible side effects begin?"

"I truly don't know. Here's the bigger question, can you take out a hundred enemies?"

"Ellie, she's Sarah...with the Intersect...how-" Chuck said, before he was cut off.

"I don't think I can take that many," Sarah said, looking at her husband. Chuck gave her a surprised look. "I'm not that good." Chuck smiled like he disagreed.

"Chuck," Ellie began. "Your best chance to get out of this and get back here is to put on those glasses."

"Is it safe?" Chuck asked.

"I have no idea," Ellie replied.

"If it messes me up I'll be no help to Sarah."

"Sweetie, let's be honest, the way you are you can't really help a lot in a fight," Sarah said honestly. "I mean you can take out some, but if they come in firing..." she couldn't complete the sentence. Chuck nodded and held out his hand. She handed him the glasses as he looked at them.

"One more time...with feeling," he said, as he put them on. The flashes came across, and blinded him for a second. When it was over, he took off the glasses, handed them to Sarah, and fell straight back, on the ground. "I hate that part."

"I really need remember to catch you when you fall after doing that," Sarah said with a grin. She bounced a shoulder with a shrug. "I guess I forgot," she said, smiling.

"HA!" Chuck replied.

}o{

Castle

"Carina, are you alright?" Zondra yelled, returning fire.

"My shoulder hurts like a-" Carina began but was cut off.

"Aunt Carina!" Samantha shouted out with a warning. Carina and Zondra turned toward Samantha as Samantha gave her a dirty look.

"I'm shot, doesn't that let me say what I want?" Samantha shook her head. The firing stopped from the twelve men who were trying to take out the remaining CAT squad members.

"Boss said not to hurt the kids," one of the guards yelled. They kept their guns trained on the CAT squad members. Stephen came walking forward, swinging the nunchakus, and promptly hit himself in the head. Carina rolled her eyes.

"You're definitely the Nerd's kid," she said.

"I'll make you a deal," Stephen said, rubbing his head where a welt was starting to form. "You capture me and my sister, we'll gladly go with you, and you don't hurt anyone else here." The guard laughed.

"Kid, it's on."

"Stephen, don't!" Zondra yelled. Stephen turned toward his aunts, and grinned, a grin they both recognized from his father.

"Hey," he said softly. "It's me." They stared at him, as his eyes moved rapidly. If they hadn't been looking at him, they'd have never seen it. Their eyes grew huge, but not as huge as the 12 henchmen that found themselves in the middle of a fight they weren't prepared for. Samantha launched herself at the two nearest her, Superman punching

one, knocking him out, and leg sweeping the other as she landed. He crashed on the ground and she brought her foot down on his head, knocking him out.

Stephen threw the nunchakus across the room, knocking out two instantly, as he sprinted toward two more, slid under one of the henchman's legs, stood and turned quickly. He hit both in the back of their knees, and the two men fell. He jumped, grabbed both henchman by their necks from behind and slammed their faces into the ground, knocking them out. Carina and Zondra exchanged a look, nodded, and stood. The other six were stunned with no idea what to do. The former Cat Squad members each took three shots, taking out the other six. Samantha turned, furious.

"We had a deal!" Samantha said, furious that they had killed the six.

"Zondra and I didn't, and for that matter, they would have killed us if you two had lost."

Samantha thought for a second. "Bad guys tend to not keep their words," she said, understanding. She walked over to the computer and hit a few buttons. A few seconds later the Woodcombs, appeared. "Carina's been shot," Samantha told Ellie. Ellie nodded and began triage on Carina. The doors opened and the team stormed in. They stopped as they saw bodies lying everywhere and surveyed the carnage.

"What happened here?" Casey asked. Beckman, who had been pushed to safety during the firefight, looked over at the two Bartowskis with pride.

"Stephen and Samantha," she said calmly. Casey looked at them, and then at the CAT members. Zondra held up her gun and nodded at those with gunshot wounds. Casey's mouth was still open.

"Chuck me," he muttered.

"Where's Mom and Dad?" Stephen asked. Casey locked eyes with Carina. How were they supposed to tell the kids that their parents were still in danger?

}o{

Undisclosed Location

The tall man stroked his goatee as he watched everything take place on the monitors in front of him.

“They’re good. They’re so good, and they remember. It’s good they remember, because now, I can hurt them. They will know what they are losing, and that...that is the beginning of my revenge.” He turned toward his female prisoner. “I apologize Vivian, but your father gave them too much.” He walked back toward the monitor. “They must pay for what they did, and so must he.” He turned to face her. “Don’t worry, I’ll kill you first so he can watch, and suffer, the way I did when I lost her.” The two men that were tied up looked at each other, desperate to escape. “Don’t worry, they’ll all pay, no one takes away my play thing.”

Vault

5 minutes ago

“Are you going to lay there all day,” Sarah asked, searching in her clutch. She found a ladies watch and put it on, she made a face and smiled. “That’s better.” She continued to look in her purse.

“You know back when I was the asset you used to help me in these situation,” Chuck said as he slowly got his bearings and got back to his feet. Sarah gave him a look. She was trying not to smile.

“Maybe you should go wait in the car,” she deadpanned still looking though her clutch. She smiled when she found what she was looking for and pulled it out in front of him. “Maybe I think since you’re no longer an asset, you can get up off the ground while I take care of more pressing matters for you. She took the watch and fastened it on his wrist. Chuck sighed as he felt the stress leave his head.

“Ohhh, fancy. His and hers governors?” he asked.

“No reason not to be stylish,” Ellie answered over comms. “I had them prepared in case things went south.”

“I mean that was a stretch because things never go south when we’re on a mission,” Chuck deadpanned to Sarah. He had a huge grin on his face. Everything seemed like old

times, with a few noticeable upgrades. Sarah gave him an amused look and shook her head.

"Guys, be careful." Ellie said over the comms. Chuck looked at Sarah and smiled.

"Please it's us," he replied. Sarah smiled at him. "Leave me a few?" he asked. Sarah bounced a shoulder and shrugged.

"Keep up," she replied, and the doors opened in front of them. Ellie listened for the next five minutes and heard groans, shouts, bodies hitting things, and all sorts of mayhem.

"Now you're just showing off!" Chuck yelled once. "I mean using the wall for leverage is one thing, but running off people's heads, that's just nuts!"

"Maybe I'm just better at being the Intersect," Sarah's playful tone said. A few seconds later, "Oh, now who's showing off!? How did you make that gun you threw boomerang?"

"I'm the OG Intersect, Baby, and don't you ever forget it." Ellie heard what sounded like someone getting swatted...in their seat area. "Hi-Yo! Mrs. Carmichael, are you getting a little frisky?"

"Mr. Carmichael, if you don't know the answer to that, I'm not doing it right," Sarah replied.

"Children, I can hear you," Ellie answered, her head in her hand.

"Sorry, Mom," Chuck yelled. Ellie felt Beckman beside her.

"This was why I never listened in on one of their missions."

"You should have had to been on then," Casey said, joining them. "It was...ridiculous."

"We're out!" Chuck yelled. The two left the party, went outside, and looked around from the top of the steps. A Porsche pulled up with two bad guys in it. Sarah threw the two handguns she had left at both bad guys, knocking them down. She looked at the car, then at Chuck, and did her version of the Bartowski eyebrow dance. "You are going to be the death of me," he muttered. She bounced a shoulder.

"You'll go out with a smile on your face." Chuck watched her head down to the car, and nearly drool over it. She hopped in. "Are you coming?" Three and a half minutes later they entered Castle.

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Castle

"Where's Mom and Dad?" Stephen asked.

"Right here," Chuck answered, grinning as they walked in. Sarah handed the glasses over to Ellie who quickly began running tests on the glasses.

"Chuck, your kids..." Devon began.

"Awesome?"

"They were like miniature versions of you and Sarah! I've never seen anything so scary as those two kids beating everyone up."

"Which means one of us is going to have to keep the Intersect," Sarah said. Chuck and everyone looked at her. She shrugged. "It's going to be hard to discipline your kids if they can tie you up, put you in safe room, and you can't do anything about it."

"Then let's get it out of you, before you start having problems," Ellie said to Sarah. "We're going to upgrade it first to make the removal easier than it was in the past." Sarah nodded, and grabbed Chuck.

"Come on, you've got to get upgraded too," she said. The computer flashed as everyone looked away. After the upload, Chuck felt Sarah's hand on his back to make sure he wouldn't fall over. He looked over at her and grinned. "Flash on Jenny Burton, Chuck," she said softly. Chuck did, and noticed there was no headache, strain, and it happened almost instantaneously. "Chuck, flash," she said. Chuck smiled.

"I did," he replied. Sarah was shocked and then she heard Ellie yell, "Yes!" and did a fist pump. Chuck grinned and turned to his sister. "Fixed it?" Ellie nodded proudly.

"Okay, Sarah, let's get it out of you," she said, and with that, she handed her the removal glasses. "Morgan, you're next, we're going to fix you too." Everyone seemed

excited and happy, except Beckman and Jason Black who were off by themselves. Little did they realize that Samantha had moved close and was listening to everything they said.

"We shouldn't," Beckman began. "But, if we don't...he'll kill them. He's crazy, Jason. He'll kill all our love ones."

"Your love one," Jason replied, looking down, and then back at the group. "I feel more love here than I ever did with him." Beckman nodded.

"And, how would she react if he died," she asked looking at Sarah. Jason nodded, looking at her.

"She'd never forgive me," he replied. "Of course, I'm not for sure she'll forgive me now." Samantha thought she knew what was going on, the only question was, should she tell everyone.

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A deep dark hole

"Ma'am, I'm telling you he's here," the guard said.

"I'm telling you until I get a look at him, I don't believe it," Mary replied. The guard sighed and looked at Hartley and Mary.

"Follow me," he said, and led Mary and Hartley into the prison. The two got on a cart and rode for what seemed like miles until they came to a fortified cell. The guard had radioed ahead to prepare everyone. Mary and Hartley walked up to the cell, and a guard slid a small door covering an opening no more than 1 x 2 open.

"Company!" the voice inside said. Mary looked at him.

"You're here?" she said, shocked.

"Who were you expecting, Superman?" Shaw asked. "Oh, I get it, someone is after Chuck and Sarah and you thought it was me? Would they like help? I'm always in a mood to kill those two!" Mary nodded at the guard and he slid the piece of metal shut. "Nice visit," came the muffled voice from inside.

“Was that him?” Hartley asked.

“Yes, that was Daniel Shaw. So who is doing this to Chuck and Sarah?” Mary shook her head. “Come on, it’s time I went home and try and help the kids figure this out, and you’re coming with me.” Hartley nodded and followed her.

“You know I never really thanked you, I could have been in here if it wasn’t for you.”

“You gave the kids 837 million dollars, I’m pretty sure that covers it,” Mary said smiling. Inside her guts were churning. Who was doing this to her family?

A/N: You know how I said I didn’t think I’d ever do the sequel....my mind is churning as I work on this...

Chapter 9: Chuck vs The Nanny Remastered Ch 9, The Bartowski Family

A/N: Welcome to the last chapter of Chuck vs the Nanny. What's weird is it was around this time last year I first finished it. The sequel....I know what to do, the story just doesn't talk to me a lot. I've got the first chapter almost done, I know what happens, but...I don't know. I have so many other projects to finish. We'll see. Never say never, you know. On to Chapter 9 The Bartowski Family

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Charmichael Industries Plane, somewhere between a deep dark hole and Burbank.

Mary was pissed...well, pissed wasn't the word. She'd have to calm down to be pissed. She had gone through every case and arrest Team Bartowski had made over the years, and three individuals were no longer incarcerated. She was frustrated from what she had learned. It seemed two of the three individuals in question had been released due to a recommendation from someone within the government. The other individual in question escaped. Mary had a bad feeling what her son was facing. She looked over at Hartley who was appeared dead to the world. He had taken a few drinks of his beverage and fallen asleep almost immediately. Mary took a long pull from her glass and wondered who was behind all of this. She looked at the names on the list and knew one of them was an underling, the question was who of the other two was pulling the strings. The paper was blurry. She shook her head and it dawned on her exactly what had happened. She tried to fight it, but as her eyelids closed she looked out the window, and saw they weren't headed to California. The glass slipped from her hand and hit the floor. The cockpit opened with that noise and the pilot checked on his passengers. He went back to his seat and guided the plane to his destination.

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Casa de Bartowski, night

Chuck sat on the couch and looked at the moonlight dancing over the lawn. He wished he could go down to the beach, but that wasn't the best solution right now. He had a family and couldn't just go out in the middle of the night. He knew Sarah wouldn't mind, but he felt like he should be around, to protect them. That brought a chuckle from deep within him. Protect Sarah. She was the baddest kick-ass spy ninja mom that ever existed. He knew that physically she didn't need anyone, but that wasn't how he was protecting her, and when she figured it out, she was going to be a little upset. He didn't jump when the two hands touched his shoulders and began to run down his chest. He really wanted to, and perhaps, let out a scream...one that Casey would mock and make Sarah giggle.

"I'm very unhappy with you," came the soft voice in his ear. Chuck shuddered. Part of him screamed to make right whatever she wanted, but he steeled himself. He had to let things play out.

"You know Mark Twain once said every time you use the word very, to change it to damn, and then throw it out," he replied.

"That was in writing, you goof. I did go to Harvard, I know some things too," she replied, right in his ear. He was losing this war, and they both knew it.

"Just checking to see what you remember," Chuck said, grinning. He felt teeth on his ear. "You fight so dirty," he nearly moaned.

"Ah-ha!" she exclaimed, jumping up. "So you are keeping something from me!" She walked around the couch, a twinkle in her eye, and sat down right beside him. "Why don't you tell me what I need to know," she said as innocently as possible. She grinned salaciously at him, and nearly purred, "and we can go to bed." Chuck chuckled, and shook his head.

"Do you trust me?" he asked. Sarah raised an eyebrow.

"First, always. Second, that's my line. Third, we made a promise. No more secrets, no more lies."

“What if by telling you, I make your life worse?” he asked. Sarah looked at him, confused. “What if by waiting 24 hours, it will make your life better?” Sarah was beyond confused.

“He’s gone,” came a soft voice from the stairs. They turned and saw their daughter standing there, holding her teddy bear. Chuck gave her a sad smile and held his arms. She came padding across and crawled up into his lap. Sarah smiled at the two of them. It was hard sometimes to remember just how young her children actually were. There was no doubt they both had the Intersect, and in some ways, it allowed them to be more mature, for Stephen you had to look a little harder, but they were. It was moments like this that reminded Sarah how young they were, that made her happy. It made her happy of the future they still had together. “I’m glad you remember Dad,” Samantha said. Chuck and Sarah shared a look. Samantha had called them Mother and Father for most of her life. “Mom, I’m sorry.” Sarah reached over and slowly rubbed her daughter’s head.

“What for, Sweetie?” Samantha looked at her dad, who nodded.

“You won’t get mad?” she asked, timidly. Sarah was stunned. Her daughter was never timid. Sarah shook her head no. “See, earlier...”

Castle, earlier

After the upload, Chuck felt Sarah’s hand on his back to make sure he wouldn’t fall over. He looked over at her and grinned. “Flash on Jenny Burton, Chuck,” she said softly. Chuck did, and noticed there was no headache, strain, and it happened almost instantaneously. “Chuck, flash,” she said. Chuck smiled.

“I did,” he replied. Sarah was shocked and then she heard Ellie yell, “Yes!” and did a fist pump. Chuck grinned and turned to his sister. “Fixed it?” Ellie nodded proudly.

“Okay, Sarah, let’s get it out of you,” she said, and with that, she handed her the removal glasses. Chuck looked over at his daughter, and he could tell by the look on her face she had flashed on Jenny Burton as well. He shook his head, and she nodded, understanding they’d talk later. He looked over at Jason Black and then back at his

daughter. Samantha nodded, understanding that he and the general were less likely to notice a little girl than Chuck. Samantha got close and heard the general's and Jason's conversation. While everyone was congratulating Sarah and Morgan, Chuck and Samantha went to Ellie and told her something quickly and quietly.

"I'll take care of everything," Ellie replied with a grin.

}o{

Now

"Wait," Sarah began, shocked at what she was hearing. "You, Samantha, and Ellie, know spy secrets and I don't." Chuck grinned and leaned over and kissed his wife on the forehead.

"Yep, and we're waiting until the morning to tell you, and everyone else at Castle," he began, but stopped.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Samantha asked.

"I can get the information out of you, Chuck," she said, emphasizing the "k" the way she did when she was confident...or irritated. Chuck turned to her. There was no grin on his face. If anything, he looked worried. "What is it?" Samantha got out of her father's lap and went and sat in her mother's. She pulled her mother close and whispered something in her ear. Sarah's eyes went wide and she looked at Chuck for confirmation. Chuck nodded. Sarah began to cry as Chuck and Samantha held her. Chuck sighed, the last time his wife was this upset it was about family, and he had been caught in the crosshairs.

3 months ago.

Chuck opened the door to see his mother-in-law and sister-in-law. "Hey, guys!" he said happily, but the smile fell from his face when he saw their faces. "Something wrong?" Emma shot him an "I'm sorry" look.

"Chuck, is Sarah here, Molly really needs to talk to her?" Chuck stepped aside to let them in.

"Sure, she's up-" Chuck watched Molly bolt past him, and up the stairs. "Stairs?"

"It's boys," Emma said. Chuck's eyes got wide and nodded. "I'm her mom...."

"And you don't understand," Chuck said, grinning. Emma sighed and nodded. Chuck hugged her.

"I never had to go through this with Sarah because she wasn't around," Emma said.

"Come on, let's get some coffee, and let those two talk. Sisters seems to understand things like this a little better, at least in my experience." The two walked off into the kitchen while upstairs Molly found Sarah. Sarah looked up as she walked into her bedroom. Molly started crying as soon as she saw Sarah and threw herself into Sarah's arms. Sarah looked down at the sobbing mess and held her tight. Sarah knew exactly what this was about, and steeled herself. She stroked Molly's hair.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Ben Howard," Molly responded, sobbing a little less now.

"What did he do?" Sarah asked, trying to control her anger.

"It was a Sadie Hawkins dance, so I asked him to go with me, and he laughed in my face. He told me I wasn't hot enough for him," she replied. Sarah growled. She pulled Molly away and looked her in the eyes.

"He's so not worth it," Sarah said. Molly nodded.

"I know, but it still hurts," she said, trying not to cry.

"Who is the nicest boy you know?"

"Richard Stevens. He's kinda cute, but nerdy, and he's always telling me how pretty I am. He holds doors for me, but the guys call him-" Sarah cut her off.

"I know what they call him," she replied, shaking her head at the memories of 7th grade.

"He kinda sounds like someone we know," she said grinning. Molly looked at her, confused. "Chuck," Sarah offered. Molly's eyes got wide.

“He is like Chuck,” Molly said, a grin covering her face. “He’s as nice as him, he’s funny like him.” Molly looked at Sarah bashfully. “He’s not as handsome, but he’s cute.” Sarah’s eyebrows raised.

“You checking out my man?” She asked teasingly. Molly giggled. “Chuck went through some stuff too. It’s what inside that counts, Molly. Does he have a date to the dance?” Molly shook her head, pulled out her phone, and quickly text him. “Did you just-” she began, when Molly’s phone vibrated. Her face lit up. “I guess you did. I have an idea. Is there a place outside the school this Ben hangs out?”

“He hangs out outside after school waiting for his ride,” Molly said. Sarah got an evil grin.

“Think you can get Richard to wait with you outside tomorrow and let me pick you up?” Molly nodded. Sarah picked up her phone and sent a few texts. The phone vibrated and she smiled. “Well show him.” Molly grabbed her and hugged her.

“I’m so glad you’re my big sister!”

“Me too, kid,” Sarah said softly. “Me too.”

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Later that night, Sarah realized she had one problem with her plan. She was lying in bed, on her side thinking about what to do.

“Well, guess I don’t have to warm your feet tonight,” Chuck said jokingly, trying to get her to talk. Sarah knew it wasn’t his fault. She knew he was more like Richard than Ben, but school had always been a sore subject to her, and she may have overreacted, just a scooch.

“What’s wrong, Chuck?” she said popping the “k”. Chuck felt like he had done something wrong, but he had no clue what, so he kept quiet. “Not, *hot* enough for you?” Why had Sarah emphasized hot like that? What had he done?

“Uh, I don’t understand,” he began...he just should have kept quiet.

"No, you don't," she said turning over, and getting a look in her eye that Chuck thought he had only seen once, when Quinn had brainwashed her. "You don't understand how you have to look a certain way or guys won't talk to you, or how you have to put up with all the macho-" Chuck cut her off.

"I didn't do that stuff," he said softly. "And I think I know about being teased in school. Now do you want to talk about it, or yell at me?" Sarah looked a little ashamed, but she was too mad to be fully sorry.

"Why do boys act so stupid?"

"Because they're stupid," Chuck replied. "Some have been told it's okay. TV has told them it's okay. Society has told them it's okay, but you're right. They're stupid."

"I need your help," she said, and began to tell him her plan. Chuck belly laughed.

"So what do I need to do?"

"Can you watch the kids tomorrow?"

"That's it?" he asked. "Done."

"But you have a big meeting," she began. Chuck shook his head.

"Family," was all he said, and leaned in and kissed her.

"I got lucky to find you," she said.

"Sarah, I think it's I that got lucky to find you."

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The next afternoon as school let out.

"Hey look, it's the losers," Ben said to his friends, pointing at Molly and Richard

"Don't talk to her like that," Richard said, standing up to defend his friend, ever thought he knew the three of them could easily take them. He noticed that the three boys weren't paying any attention to him and instead were looking behind him. He turned and saw three women walking toward them. They were beautiful for sure, but he turned to make sure Molly was okay. With that move, Sarah's opinion of Richard just went off

the charts. The three boys' mouths dropped at the three women in front of them. "You okay?" Richard asked Molly, more concerned about her. Molly nodded and smiled, knowing what her sister was doing.

"Hey, sis!" Sarah called out. "Is this the nice young man who you're taking to the dance?" she said smiling at Richard.

"Yep," she replied. "He reminds me of your husband, Chuck so much," Molly said, egging it on. The three boys' mouths dropped. Sarah grinned at her sister and extended her hand to Richard. He took it and she pulled him in.

"Be the guy she told me you are, and I promise you, it will all be worth it," she said. Carina and Zondra surrounded him.

"Reminds me a lot of Chuck," Zondra said. Carina nodded. "Not as tall as your husband, Sarah, but defending her three against one....that's a good one."

"She's very special to me," Richard choked out. Sarah smiled, leaned in, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Take care of her," she said. "You may find yourself having to defend her the older she gets. She's so much more beautiful than me when I was that age." She turned to the three boys and they looked near tears. "Well, let's go," and with that the five started off.

"I'll go to the dance with you, Molly," Ben said. Sarah looked at her sister, who smiled. She squeezed Richard's hand and turned to Ben.

"You want to go with me?" she said with fake shock. Ben grinned and nodded. "I have a guy who will take care of me, likes me for who I am, and makes me laugh, why would I ever go with you?" With that, she turned, hooked an arm through Richard's arm, high-fived Zondra and Carina who had their hands up for one, and walked away. Sarah's smile could have lit a major city.

"Why are we having to walk so far?" Molly whispered to Sarah. "Is it so you could walk up like that?"

"No," Carina answered. "Your sister realized we couldn't pile out of a mini-van and look quite as hot." The group laughed.

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Now, the next morning, Castle

Chuck looked over his family that had gathered in Castle. Everyone but Jason Black and Beckman were there from the mission, and they had two newcomers that Sarah wasn't exactly sure about.

"Are you sure Emma and Molly should be here?" Sarah asked. Chuck gave her a tight smile and held her hand.

"I know you're worried about what Emma will hear, but I want to make sure they're safe," Chuck said. He turned as he heard someone behind him. Diane Beckman entered Castle looking unsure of herself for the first time Chuck could remember. Chuck looked at Sarah, who nodded. Chuck walked over to her, and before Beckman could figure out what to say, he hugged her. Beckman didn't cry, but Sarah thought she would. "It's okay," Chuck said softly where only the three could hear. "You know I would have done the same thing if it were me." Beckman choked out a laugh.

"I know," she replied, the two of them breaking the hug. "That's why I let this mission go this far, because if anyone can fix this it's you." Chuck smiled and put his arm around Sarah as she got close. The entire room had noticed what was going on and had drifted toward them.

"General, you're wrong," Chuck said with a grin. "If anyone can fix this, it's this family." Beckman nodded. Casey clapped Chuck on the shoulder and gave a grunt.

"Team Moron rides again," he said. Chuck nodded.

"And I have the Intersect," Chuck replied grinning. Casey shook his head, laughing.

"May God have mercy on our souls!"

"What exactly is going on?" Alex asked.

“Well,” Chuck began. “Best I can tell, Jason Black and the General here were blackmailed into getting us to get the new Intersect glasses. However, because of my amazing sister, all they got were an unusable pair.”

“How?” Beckman asked. Chuck grinned.

“It’s Sarah’s fault actually.” Sarah shook her head. “See when she told me to flash on Jenny Burton, the new Intersect also pull up companion files now, very quickly and painlessly I might add. Thanks, Sis.”

“You’re welcome,” Ellie replied.

“After that flash, I told Ellie what I learned, and she downloaded the program off of the glasses, into a secure Castle file.” Chuck turned to Emma. He was surprised to see her nodding.

“Jenny Burton, Jack Burton, Jason Black,” Emma said softly. Sarah gasped.

“You know?” she asked. Emma shrugged.

“I suspected,” Emma replied. “He’s Jack’s son.” Chuck nodded.

“Oldest son, obviously not with you,” Chuck added. “He never told his family.”

“Wait a minute,” Catrina sputtered. “Jason is Sarah’s half-brother?” Sarah and Chuck both turned to her, grinning and nodding. They had been looking forward to this. “That means...”

“We could be sister-in-laws,” Sarah said, the wicked smile on her face. “Admit it, Carina, you’ve even said my dad was hot. You like the Burton family.” Carina actually blushed.

“So how was Beckman involved?” Alex asked.

“I suspect Roan and Jack have been kidnapped,” Chuck said. “They want the Intersect, they have to come to us now.”

“Who’s they, Bartowski?” Casey asked.

“No idea, Big Guy,” Chuck answered honestly. “I pray it’s not Shaw.”

“The one downfall of getting my memory back is remembering him,” Sarah grumbled.

“The one?” Chuck asked. Sarah gave him a look and then backhanded his chest. Castle’s phone system began to ring. It was Mary.

“Mom,” Chuck said, bringing up the video phone. “What’s up?”

“Some idiot tried to kidnap Hartley and me,” she said, looking irritated. “They didn’t even give me the proper amount of knockout drug.” Sarah chuckled. “I’ve got the pilot captured, and we’re in some hanger in Rio Di Janeiro.”

“Mary, I’ll send someone to assist with the prisoner, are you okay?” Diane asked.

“I’m fine. I’ve been trying to get something out of this idiot, but all he keeps mumbling is Soco na Garganta.” Chuck flashed at those words. It dawned on him he had two other family members now with the same abilities. He looked over at his daughter, who nodded. As he turned to his son, Stephen spoke.

“Mom, what’s a Cat Squad?” Zondra, Carina, and Sarah all stared at Stephen and turn toward Chuck. He shrugged.

“Guys, don’t freak out.”

A/N: And that is how the original ended. I just glanced at Chuck vs the Stray Cats, the follow up. Not even half of chapter one is complete. I have no idea if I’ll do it or not, but like I said earlier....never say never. Reviews and PMs are always welcome! Until next time!

DC